Hallower Congs. Ratie Mary Blackeby

Presented by Mrs. isaston

1895



Division SCB Section 6713 Mary A. P. 17

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"Ballowed Songs."

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR

6 1921

HYMNS AND TUNESUSEM

BOTH OLD, AND NEW, DESIGNED FOR

PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS,

REVIVALS, FAMILY WORSHIP,

AND SABBATH SCHOOLS,

ΒŸ

THEO. E. PERKINS,

PHILIP PHILLIPS, and

SYLVESTER MAIN.

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1865.

PREFACE.

(TO BE READ.)

Much has been done to improve singing in the *public* worship of God, and but little, directly, in the *social* means of grace; and yet, there is tenfold more singing in the latter than in the former.

It may be said: "What is fit and proper for public worship, is fit and proper for social."

Some denominations of Christians have persisted in this mistake to the loss of much religious interest in their social meetings.

Generally, hymns for social worship should be more decidedly practical, more easily read and understood, better adapted to every shade of religious experience, and more singable than very many hymns are which are used in public service.

The music should be available to the people—but music.

The melodies should be rich, flowing, touching, stirring—of great variety.

The choruses must have capacity. Among common people, volume is an element of power in praising God.

The Hymns and Tunes of the "Hallowed Songs" were selected, and are now committed to the public, in the confidence that they merit the distinction indicated.

The Hymns are the best in the language for such a purpose.

The *Music* is from the best sources—old and new,—adapted to the words and easy of execution.

By writing the Hymns and Tunes on opposite pages the amount of matter is much increased, and a better opportunity is afforded for selection.

The classification of subjects is rather a new feature in a Hymn and Tune Book, and will greatly facilitate selections for use.

The department for "Home Devotion" has received special attention.

Sabbath Schools will find a good variety of pieces well adapted to their use.

The Compilers commend this book to an appreciative and not ungrateful Christian public, most devoutly eraving the blessing of God upon all who sing these pages to his praise.

[The Compilers acknowledge indebtedness for selections from the Carmina Sacra, and the Asaph, by Dr. L. Mason; from the Shawm, and Jubilee, the Pilgrim Songs, the Golden Chain, the Golden Shower, and the Golden Censor, by Wm. B. Bradbury; from the Sacred Lute, and the New Shining Star, by T. E. Perkins, and from the works of the late I. B. Woodbury.]

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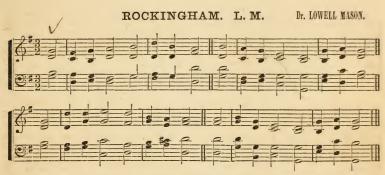
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HALLOWED SONGS.



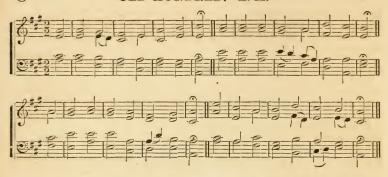
- The creation invited to praise God. 1 From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends thy word: Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring; In songs of praise divinely sing; The great salvation loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song; To every land the strains belong : In cheerful sounds all voices raise, And fill the world with loudest praise. Watts.

2 Infinite in wisdom.

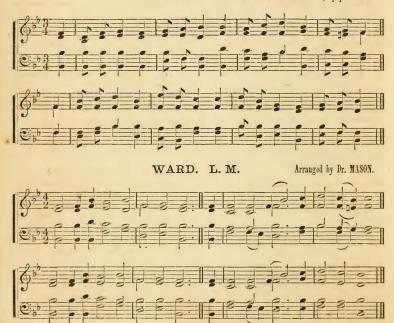
1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in his praise: His nature and his works invite To make this duty our delight.

- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames; He counts their numbers, calls their names; His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,— A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high, Who spreads the clouds along the sky; There he prepares the fruitful rain, Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn; He clothes the smiling fields with corn; The beasts with food his hands supply, And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force? The sprightly man, or warlike horse? The piercing wit, the active limb? All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight; He views his children with delight: He sees their hope, he knows their fear, He looks, and loves his image there.

Walls,



HEBRON. L. M. Dr. LOWELL MASON, by permission.



Grateful adoration.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heavens our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command; Vast as eternity thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,

When rolling years shall cease to move. Watts.

4 The bond of love.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee; Thy saints adore thy holy Name; Thy creatures bend the obedient knee, And, humbly, now thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light, To thee we look, on thee we call; Lord, we are nothing in thy sight, But thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may thy children in thy word Their common trust and refuge see;

O, bind us to each other, Lord, By one great bond,—the love of thee.

4 So shall our sun of hope arise, With brighter still and brighter ray, Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes With beams of everlasting day. J. E. Smith.

God the refuge and portion of his people.

1 God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few, Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls abide,

While every nation, every shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

My heart is fixed; O God, my heart is fixed.

1 My heart is fix'd on thee, my God; I rest my hope on thee alone; I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,— To all mankind thy love make known.

2 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre; With morning's earliest dawn arise; To songs of joy my soul inspire,

And swell your music to the skies.

3 With those who in thy grace abound, To thee I'll raise my thankful voice; Till every land, the earth around, Shall hear, and in thy Name rejoice.

4 Eternal God, celestial King, Exalted be thy glorious Name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love proclaim. Wrangham.

Jesus everywhere present.

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet, There they behold thy mercy-seat; Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined, Dost dwell with those of humble mind; Such ever bring thee where they come, And, going, take thee to their home.

Thy former mercies here renew; Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim The sweetness of thy saving name.

Cowper.







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Sweet hour of prayer.

- That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known. In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief, ||:And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer .: ||
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition bear, To him whose truth and faithfulness, Engage the waiting soul to bless; And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, ||:I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer .: ||
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share; Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlasting prize; ||: And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer .: |

9 "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

- 1 BLESS, O my soul! the living God; Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad : Worship and thanks to Him belong, Let all the powers within me join In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace; His favors claim thy highest praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ransom, and forgives The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let every land his power confess; Let all the earth adore his grace: My heart and tongue with rapture join, In work and worship so divine.

10

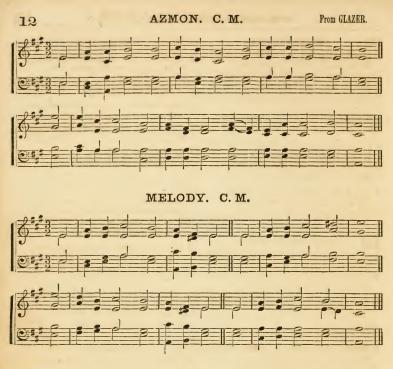
Solemn reverence.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God: Infinite lengths beyond the bounds Where stars revolve their little rounds:
 - 2 Thee while the first archangel sings, He hides his face behind his wings: And ranks of thining thrones around Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
 - 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do? We would adore our Maker too; From sin and dust to thee we cry, The Great, the Holy, and the High.
 - 4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame, And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name; But O! the glories of thy mind Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
 - 5 God is in heaven, and men below: Be short our tunes; our words be few: A solemn reverence checks our songs, And praise sits silent on our tongues. Watts.

11 Jesus reigns.

- 1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song, And raise to Christ our joyful strain; Who reigns, and shall forever reign.
- 2 His sovereign power our bodies made; Our souls are his immortal breath; And when his creatures sinn'd, he bled, To save us from eternal death.
- 3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love; Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy; And saints on earth, with saints above, Your voices in his praise employ.
- 4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song, Ascend for him our cheerful strain; Worship and thanks to Him belong, Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

Watts.



DEDHAM. C. M. From GARDNER.

Worthy the Lamb. 1:2

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be exalted thus:"

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, "For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine;

And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name

Of him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.

The glories of our King. 13

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known,

The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before his throne.

With glories all divine: And tell the wond'ring nations round,

How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view The glories of our King, We long to love as angels do,

And wish, like them, to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise:

Thy love can animate the strain, And bid it reach the skies. Steele.

God's service delightful. 14

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day, Which God has called his own; With joy the summons we obey, To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!

As here thy servants throng To breathe the humble, fervent prayer, And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell Within thy Church below; Make her in holiness excel.

With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found-Let all her sons unite,

To spread with holy zeal around, Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day, Which thou hast called thine own:

With joy the summons we obey, To worship at thy throne.

The promised blessing.

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see; The promised blessing give; Met in thy name, we look to thee,

Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord, Who in thy name are join'd; We wait, according to thy word, Thee in the midst to find.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crown'd 3 With us thou art assembled here, But O, thyself reveal;

Son of the living God, appear! Let us thy presence feel. C. Wesley.

A blessing on the word.

1 ONCE more we come before our God; Once more his blessing ask: O may not duty seem a load,

Nor worship prove a task.

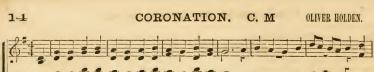
2 Father, thy quick'ning spirit send From heaven, in Jesus' name,

And bid our waiting minds attend, And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear, Each in an honest heart;

And keep the precious treasure there, And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose; To each thy blessing suit; And let the seed thy servant sows, Hart. Produce abundant fruit.





14

EVAN. C. M. Dr. LOWELL MASON, by permission.





Crown Him Lord of all. 17

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe,
- And crown him Lord of all. 5 O that with vonder sacred throng

We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

Perronet.

18 Goodness and mercy.

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak, Ye blind, behold your Saviour come; Thou sov'reign Lord of all;

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down, When virtue lies distress'd, Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
- Thou giv'st the mourner rest. 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel, 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be; Thou hear'st thy children's cry;

And their best wishes to fulfil, Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove From men of heart sincere:

Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise, And spread thy fame abroad; Let all the sons of Adam raise The honours of their God.

19 General invitation to praise the Redeemer.

1 O For a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God, Assist me to proclaim,— To spread, through all the earth abroad,

The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;

'Tis music in the sinners ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean;

His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, Your loosen'd tongues employ;

And leap, ye lame, for joy. C. Wesley.

20 The fulness of God.

1 Being of beings, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise;

Thy all-sustaining power we prove, And gladly sing thy praise.

Our sacrifice receive:

Made, and preserved, and saved by thee, To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires, For all thy mercy's store;

Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love The sole return thy love requires, Is that we ask for more.

> 4 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love Shed in our hearts abroad; So shall we ever live, and move, And be, with Christ in God.

C. Wesley.

Watts.



21 Glory begun below.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high, That all the earth surveys, That rides upon the stormy sky, And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

 There we shall see his face, And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of his grace, Drink endless pleasures in:

6 Yea, and before we rise To that immortal state, The thoughts of such amazing bliss Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found Glory begun below: Celestial fruit on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow:

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground.
3 Revive our drooping faith,

To fairer worlds on high.

Watts.

22 Heaven upon earth.

1 My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove, For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell: 'Tis paradise when thou art here, If thou depart, 'tis hell. 3 The smilings of thy face, How amiable they are!

Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace, And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above Can make a heavenly place, If God his residence remove, Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky, Can one delight afford, Nor yield one drop of real joy, Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Watts.

23 Sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come; Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

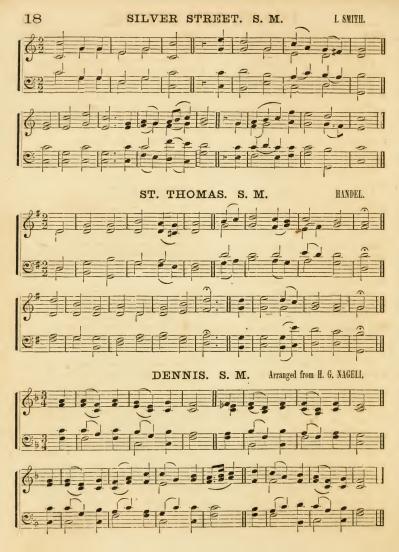
4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul, To pour fresh life in every part,

And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;

Our minds from bondage free, Then shall we know, and praise, and love The Father, Son, and Thee.

Hart.



24 The universal King.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing:

Jehovah is the sov'reign God, The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The wat'ry worlds are all his own, And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow before the Lord; We are his works, and not our own, He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice
And own your gracious God.

Natts.

25 Claiming the promise.

1 Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:

2 Thy name salvation is, Which here we come to prove: Thy name is life, and health, and peace, And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride Or selfishness we meet; From nature's paths we turn aside, And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take, Which thou hast freely given; We meet on earth for thy dear sake, That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art, But O, thyself reveal! Now, Lord, let every bounding heart The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love. C. Wesley.

26 The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of his dying love; Sing of his rising power; Sing how he intercedes above For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road To Zion's city, sing; Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,— In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue His endless praise proclaim; And sweeter voices tune the song Of Moses and the Lamb.

Hammond.

27 Mercy of God.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins, And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed.

Watts.

Doxology.

To God, the Father, Son, And Spirit, One in Three, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall forever be.



28 Praise to Jehovah.

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue: Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song.

2 Father, Source of all compassion Pure, unbounded grace is thine: Hail the God of our salvation!

Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy, Sound his praise through earth and hear

Sound his praise through earth and heaven, Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Fawcett.

29 The source of Consolation.

1 Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness; Pierce the clouds of nature's night; Come, thou source of joy and gladness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Hear, O hear our supplication, Blessed Spirit! God of peace! Rest upon this congregation With the fulness of thy grace.

3 Author of our new creation,
May we all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation,—
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

4 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below;
Bless, O bless this congregation;
On each soul thy grace bestow!
Toplady

30 Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above: Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it; Mount of thy redeeming love! 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger,

Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robinson.

31 Pleading for Acceptance. TUNE.—MERIBAH.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

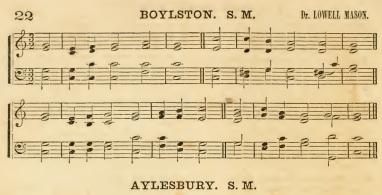
2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out.
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace; Be thou my only hiding-place, In this, th' accepted day; Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear, To still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy Saints be found
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring

With shouts of sovereign grace.

Ovington's sel,





KENTUCKY. S. M.



- 32 The throne of grace.
- 1 Behold the throne of grace;
 The promise calls us near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer,
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
 Thy presence and thy love.—
 That we may serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach us to live by faith,— Conform our wills to thine; Let us victorious be in death, And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give, And thou our portion be, All worldly joys we'll gladly leave, To find our heaven in thee. Newton.
- 33 The spirit of prayer.
- 1 The praying spirit breathe!
 The watching power impart;
 From all entanglements beneath,
 Call off my peaceful heart;
- 2 My feeble mind sustain, By worldly thoughts oppress'd; Appear, and bid me turn again To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come,
 Thine own this moment seize;
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace:
- 4 Suffer'd no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God. C. Wesley.
- 34 For diligence and watchfulness.
- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil,—
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my master's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die. C. Wesley.
- 35 For a revival.
- 1 O Lord, thy work revive, In Zion's gloomy hour, And let our dying graces live By thy restoring power.
- 2 O let thy chosen few Awake to earnest prayer; Their covenant again renew, And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of humble clay,
 Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
 Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear; Now listen to our ery:
- O come, and bring salvation near; Our souls on thee rely.

T. Hastings.

- 36 The sacrifice of praise.
- 1 With joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before thy throne we bow, O thou almighty King; Here we present the solemn vow, And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 While in thy house we kneel,
 With trust and holy fear,
 Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
 And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing;
 Nor from thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

 Jerus.

37 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care; In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare.

||:Blessed Jesus,:||
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.:||

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray. Blessed Jesus,

Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,

We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Ved us, love us still.

Unknown.

38 Guidance and help sought.

1 Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears!
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us!—
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us, When in devious paths we stray, Let thy goodness never fail us,

Lead us in thy perfect way.

O refresh us!—

Traveling through this wilderness.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,

Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear. O refresh us!—

Traveling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O refresh us!—
When we've passed the wilderness.
T. Hastings.

Nearer to God.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,— Nearer to thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be,

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given; Angels to becken me Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

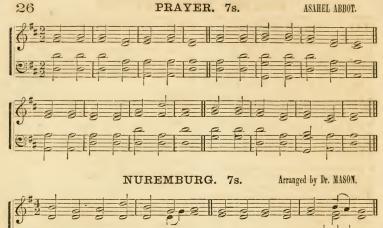
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be

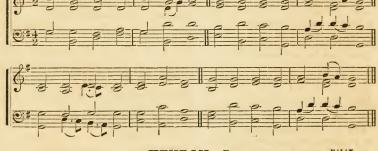
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams.





40 Eurnest of eternal rest.

1 Gracious Spirit—Love divine! Let thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove; Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the burden'd sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart; Breathe thyself into my breast,— Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray; Keep me in the narrow way; Fill my soul with joy divine; Keep me, Lord, forever thine. Stocker.

411 Eternal praises to the Most High.

1 THEE to laud in songs divine Angels in thy presence join: We with them our voices raise, Echo thine eternal praise.

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord, Live, by heaven and earth adored: Thus, with them, we ever cry, Glory be to God most high!

C. Wesley.

42 Humble adoration.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sov'reign Lord, Be thy glorious Name adored. Lord, thy mercies never fail; Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear; Purer praise we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordain'd to stay, Guide our footsteps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again, We will wake a nobler strain; There, in joyful songs of praise, Our triumphant voices raise.

praise, aise. Salisbury Col.

4.3 Encouragements to pray.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer; He himself invites thee near,— Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take possession of my breast; There, thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here, Let thy love my spirit cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do; Every hour my strength renew; Let me live a life of faith,— Let me die thy people's death.

Newton.

44 For a general blessing.

1 Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O, do not our suit disdain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

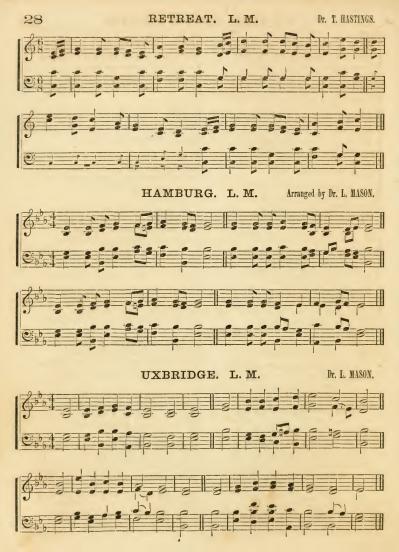
2 Lord, on thee our souls depend; In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy return; Those that are east down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a gracious God and kind: Heal the sick, the captive free; Let us all rejoice in thee.

Hammond.



45 The mercy-seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all besides more sweet,— It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet, I Prayer is appointed to convey Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismay'd? Or how the hosts of hell defeat, Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar, If guilt deject; if sin distress; And sin and sense molest no more: And heaven comes down our souls to greet, 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak: While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Storrell.

46 Blessings of prayer.

1 What various hindrances we meet In coming to a mercy-seat; Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exercise to faith and love; Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright; And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.

Cowper.

47 There remaineth a rest for the people of God.

1 Come, O thou greater than our heart, And make thy faithful mercies known;

The mind which was in thee impart: Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 O let us by thy cross abide,

Thee, only thee, resolved to know, The Lamb for sinners crucified.

A world to save from endless woe.

3 Take us into thy people's rest, And we from our own works shall cease;

With thy meek Spirit arm our breast, And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;

O let our eyes behold thee near! Hasten to make our heaven complete;

Appear, our glorious God, appear. C. Wesley.

48 Design of prayer.

The blessings God designs to give: Long as they live should Christians pray; They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress; If cares distract, or fears dismay;

In every case, still watch and pray.

Though thought be broken, language lame Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;

But pray with faith in Jesus' name. 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail; Make all thy wants and wishes known;

Fear not; his merits must prevail: Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Hart.

49 For sustaining grace.

1 My hope, my all, my Saviour thou; To thee, lo, now my soul I bow; I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,— I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, -be thou my way, Protect me through my life's short day: In all my acts may wisdom guide,

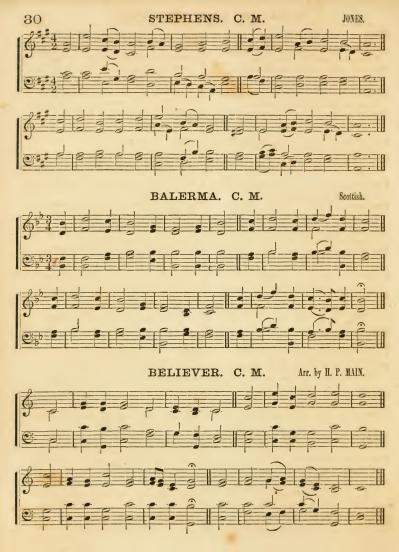
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side. 3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,

Save me from sin and Satan's power; Tear every idol from thy throne,

And reign, my Saviour, reign alone. 4 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er;

Then shall I sigh and weep no more: My ransom'd soul shall soar away, To sing thy praise in endless day.

Unknown.



50 For victorious faith.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink, Though press'd by every foe, That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly woe; -
- 2 That will not murmur or complain Beneath the chast'ning rod, But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God;-
- When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt ;—
- Nor heeds its scornful smile; That seas of trouble cannot drown, Or Satan's arts beguile;—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way Till life's last hour is fled, And with a pure and heavenly ray Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come,
- We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss Of an eternal home. Bathurst.

51 Desires for holiness.

- 1 O, COULD I find from day to day, A nearness to my God,
- Then would my hours glide sweet away, While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live Anew from day to day,

In joys the world can never give Nor ever take away.

- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine,
- That I may never more depart, Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath, Thy goodness I'll adore;

And when my frame dissolves in death My soul shall love thee more.

Unknown.

What is prayer? 52

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Utter'd or unexpress'd; The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,— The falling of a tear,—

The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try;

Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air;

His watchword at the gates of death,-He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice, Returning from his ways;

While angels, in their songs, rejoice, And cry,—Behold, he prays!

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way,-The path of prayer thyself hast trod :-

Lord, teach us how to pray! Montgomery.

53 The safe retreat.

- 1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat My soul for shelter flies: Tis here I find a safe retreat When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die, If thou, my God, art near;

Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And banish every fear.

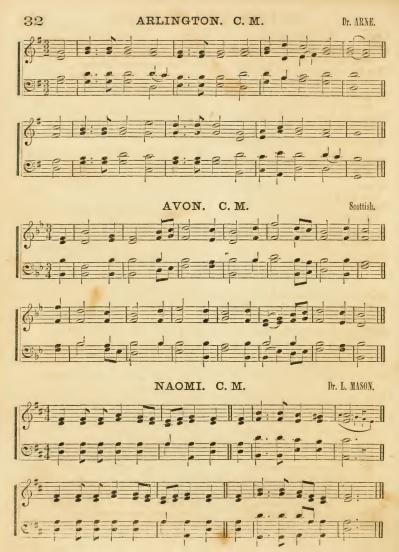
3 My great Protector and my Lord, Thy constant aid impart;

O, let thy kind, thy gracious word Sustain my trembling heart!

4 O, never let my soul remove

From this divine retreat! Still let me trust thy power and love, And dwell beneath thy feet.

Steele



54 His quickening power.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these earthly toys; Our souls, how heavily they go, To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,-In vain we strive to rise;

Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate; Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

55 Omniscience.

1 Lord, all I am is known to thee; In vain my soul would try To shun thy presence, or to flee The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest, My public walks, my private ways,

The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord, Before they're form'd within, And ere my lips pronounce the word, Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high: Write thy new name upon my heart,— Where can a creature hide? Within thy circling arms I lie,

Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still, And like a bulwark prove, To guard my soul from every ill, Secured by sov'reign love. Watts. 56 Prayer for submission.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend; Thy presence through my journey shine,

And crown my journey's end.

Steele.

57 A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.

1 O For a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free ;—

A heart that always feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me:-

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak,-Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean; Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within: -

4 A heart in every thought renew'd, And full of love divine; Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,

A copy, Lord, of thine.

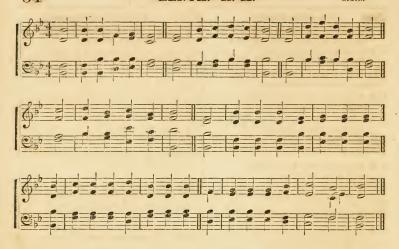
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above;

Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who sweetly all agree To save a world of sinners lost, Eternal glory be.



MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



58 The jubilee trumpet.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made: Ye weary spirits, rest;

Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,— The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption in his blood

Throughout the world proclaim: The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive, And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live: The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught Your heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesus' love: The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,— The news of heavenly grace; And, saved from earth, appear Before your Saviour's face: The year of jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

C. Wesley.

59 The brink of fate.

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand, Secure, insensible:

A point of time, a moment's space, Removes me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell. 2 O God, mine inmost soul convert, And deeply on my thoughtful heart Eternal things impress: Give me to feel their solemn weight, And tremble on the brink of fate, And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,

And to the end endure.

C. Wesley.

60 Trusting in Christ for pardon.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done And suffered once for me.

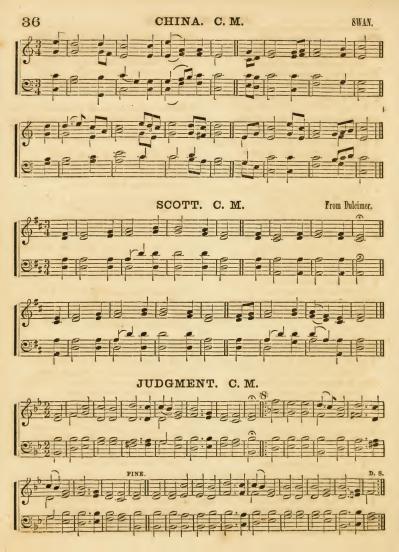
2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And his availing blood; That righteousness my robe shall be, That merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death, The spirit of adoption breathe, His consolations send; By him some word of life impart, And sweetly whisper to my heart.

"Thy Maker is thy friend."

To everlasting day.

4 The king of terrors then would be A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away;
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount. I'd fly, with eager wings.



Frailty of life. 61

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name! And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame-What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As days and months increase; And every beating pulse we tell,

Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away The breath that first it gave: Whate'er we do, where'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground, To push us to the tomb; And fierce diseases wait around,

To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe, Attends on every breath; And yet how unconcern'd we go, Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense To walk this dang'rous road; And if our souls are hurried hence,

May they be found with God!

Watts.

62 Boast not thyself of to-morrow.

1 Why should we boast of time to come, I That awful day will surely come, Though but a single day?

This hour may fix our final doom, Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem; This only is our own;

The past, alas! is all a dream; The future is unknown.

3 O, think what vast concerns depend Upon a moment's space, When life and all its cares shall end

In vengeance or in grace!

4 O for that power which melts the heart, And lifts the soul on high,

Where sin, and grief, and death depart, And pleasures never die. M. Wilkes.

Secrets of the heart made known. TUNE-JUDGMENT.

1 And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day For every vain and idle thought, And every word I say?

Chorus .- The judgment day is rolling on, The judgment day is rolling on, The judgment day is rolling on, Prepare to meet thy God.

2 Yes, every secret of my heart Shall shortly be made known, And I receive my just desert For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live; With what religious fear; Who such a strict account must give

For my behaviour here. 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,

The watchful power bestow; So shall I to my ways take heed,-To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door, O let me feel thee near; And make my peace with God, before I at thy bar appear. C. Wesley.

64 The dreadful sentence.

Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys, Thou ruler of my heart,

How could I bear to hear thy voice Pronounce the word, - Depart!

3 What, to be banish'd from my Lord, And yet forbid to die;

To linger in eternal pain, And death forever fly?-

4 O wretched state of deep despair, To see my God remove,

And fix my doleful station where I must not taste his love. Watts.



65 And yet there is room.

1 YE wretched, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where money spreads her beauteurs ste

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For every humble guest.

- 2 See, Christ, with open arms, Invites, and bids you come;
- O stay not back, though fear alarms; For yet there still is room.
- 3 O come, and with us taste
 The blessings of his love:
 While hope expects the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united voice, Before th' eternal throne, Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice, In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
 Approach,—there yet is room.

Steele.

66 Gentleness of God's commands.

1 How gentle God's commands!

How kind his precepts are!

Come cast your burdens on the Lord

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell;
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? Haste to your heavenly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day:
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

Doddridge.

67 Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.

- 1 And will the Judge descend, And must the dead arise, And not a single soul escape His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face

Astonished shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,

Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace
Whose wrath ye can not bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

Doddridge.

68 Embracing the all-sufficient portion.

1 And can I yet delay

My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:

I sink, by dying love compell'd, And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake; My friends, my all, resign: Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,

And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole.

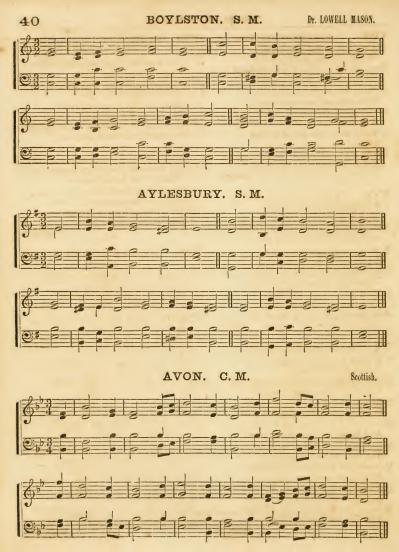
4 Come, and possess me whole, Nor hence again remove; Settle and fix my wav'ring soul With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou; Thou all-sufficient art:

My hope, my heavenly treasure, now Enter, and keep my heart.

C. Wesley.



69 Soon will the harvest close.

1 YE sinners, fear the Lord, While yet 'tis called to-day; Soon will the awful voice of death

Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close, The summer soon be o'er;

And soon your injured, angry God Will hear your prayers no more.

3 Then while 'tis called to day, O, hear the gospel's sound! Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away, While pardon may be found!

Dwight.

70 To-day the accepted time.

1 Now is the accepted time, Now is the day of grace; Now, sinners, come without delay, And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time, The Saviour calls to-day; To-morrow it may be too late—

Then why should you delay? 3 Now is the accepted time,

The gospel bids you come; And every promise in his word Declares there yet is room. Dobell.

71 Hardness of heart lamented.

1 O THAT I could repent! O that I could believe!

Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend, The rock in sunder cleave :

2 Thou, by thy two-edged sword, My soul and spirit part; Strike, with the hammer of thy word, And break my stubborn heart.

3 Saviour, and Prince of peace! The double grace bestow;

Unloose the bands of wickedness, And let the captive go:

1 Grant me my sins to feel, And then the load remove:

Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal, Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord, The balm of pard'ning love. C. Wesley.

Sin kills beyond the tomb. TUNE-AVON.

1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear; Repent, thine end is nigh; Death, at the farthest, can't be far:

O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount! What are thy hopes beyond the grave?

How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence; His time there's none can tell;

He'll in a moment call thee hence, To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care) Shall into dust consume;

But, ah! destruction stops not there; Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Hart.

73 No peace to the wicked. TUNE-AVON.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard; 'Tis mercy speaks to-day;

He calls you by his sacred word From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest You live, devoid of peace;

A thousand stings within your breast Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell; Why will you persevere? Can you in endless torments dwell,

Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways Of sin and folly go?

In pain you travel all your days, To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live, Through his abounding grace;

His mercy will the guilt forgive Of those that seek his face,

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word, Renouncing every sin;

And learn his will divine.

Fawcett.



74 The voice within.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within, Oft whispered to thy secret soul, Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,

And yield thy heart to God's control!

2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice; It was the Saviour's gracious call;

It bade thee make the better choice, And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light; Regard in time the warning kind;

That call thou may'st not always slight, And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 Sinner, perhaps this very day Thy last accepted time may be;

O, shouldst thou grieve him now away, Then hope may never beam on thee. Hyde.

75 The waiting Saviour. TUNE-HARTEL.

1 Behold! a stranger's at the door! He gently knocks—has knocked before; Has waited long-is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill. 2 But will he prove a friend indeed? He will !- the very friend you need! The Man of Nazareth!-'tis he, With garments dyed at Calvary. 3 Oh! lovely attitude!-he stands With melting heart, and laden hands! Oh! matchless kindness!-and he shows

This matchless kindness to his foes. 4 Admit him, ere his anger burn-His feet departed ne'er return; Admit him, or the hour's at hand When at his door denied you'll stand! Grigg.

76 The gospel feast.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let every soul be Jesus' guest : Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind, 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The invitation is to all :-Come all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.

13 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd, Ye restless wand'rers after rest; Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and hind. In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live: O let his love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice: His offer'd benefits embrace,

And freely now be saved by grace. C. Wesley.

77 Sense of sin.

1 JESUS demands this heart of mine. Demands my love, my joy, my care; But, ah! how dead to things divine, How cold, my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power, Divides my Saviour from my sight;

O, for one happy, shining hour Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Come, gracious Lord, thy love can raise My captive powers from sin and death, And fill my heart with life and praise, And tune my last expiring breath. Steele.

78 All-sufficiency of His grace.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh: 'Tis God invites the fallen race: Mercy and free salvation buy,-Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come! Sinners, obey your Maker's call; Return, ye weary wand'rers, home, And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise; For you in healing streams it rolls; Money ye need not bring, nor price, Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give; Leave all you have, and are, behind; Frankly the gift of God receive;

Pardon and peace in Jesus find. J. Wesley.



79 The resolution.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve:-

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Like mountains round me close; I know his courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne, And there my guilt confess; I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer; But, if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go-I am resolved to try; For if I stay away, I know I must forever die.

Jones.

Medley

80 Sufficiency and freeness.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace Are in the gospel found! Suited to every sinner's case, Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls, Are freely welcome here; Salvation, like a river, rolls, Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds; 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams, Your every burden bring:

Here love, unchanging love, abounds,-A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will-O gracious word!-May of this stream partake; Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord, And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you, Have here found life and peace; Come, then, and prove its virtues too, And drink, adore, and bless.

81 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

1 Remember thy Creator now, In these thy youthful days; He will accept thy earliest vow, And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now, And seek him while he's near: For evil days will come, when thou Shalt find no comfort near.

3 Remember thy Creator now; His willing servant be: Then, when thy head in death shall bow, He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline Thy heavenly voice to hear; Let all our future days be thine, Devoted to thy fear.

82 The gospel feast.

1 Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind :-

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared A soul-reviving feast, And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste.

And pine away and die, Here you may quench your raging thirst

With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here In a rich ocean join; Salvation in abundance flows. Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day: Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.

Watts.



83 All things are now ready.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word; Haste to the supper of my Lord; Be wise to know your gracious day; All things are ready,—come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own, And kiss his late-returning son; Ready your loving Saviour stands, And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love, Just now the stony to remove; To' apply and witness with the blood, And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait, To triumph in your blest estate; Tuning their harps, they long to praise The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Are ready with their shining host: All heaven is ready to resound,—
 The dead's alive! the lost is found!

 C. Wesley.

84 God calling yet.

- 1 God calling yet!—shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumbers lie?
- 2 God calling yet!—shall I not rise? Can I his loving voice despise, And basely his kind care repay? He calls me still: can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet!—and shall he knock, And I my heart the closer lock? He still is waiting to receive, And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?
- 4 God calling yet!—and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live? I wait, but he does not forsake; He calls me still!—my heart, awake!
- 5 God calling yet!—I can not stay;
 My heart I yield without delay:
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart!
 Unknown.

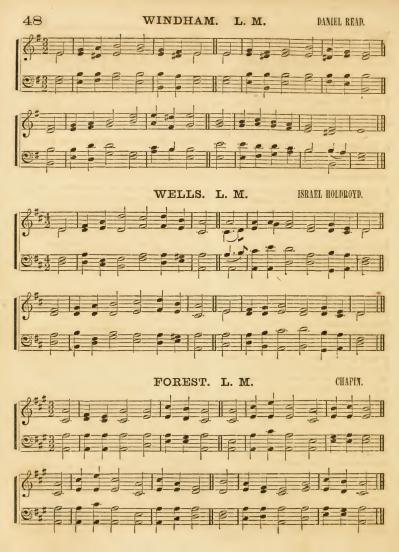
85 Rest for the weary penitent.

- 1 Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load, O, come, and spread your woes abroad; Divine compassion, mighty love, With all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your wees Pardon, and life, and endless peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words impart; We come with trembling, yet rejoice, And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love Confirm our faith, our fears remove; O, sweetly influence every breast, And guide us to eternal rest.

Steele.

86 The stubborn heart.

- 1 O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away; And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake: Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, O Lord, an adamant would melt: But I can read each moving line, And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear—Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear; Goodness and wrath in vain combine To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But power divine can do the deed;
 And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt and change this heart of mine,
 Hart.



Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay, Though I have done thee such despite; Nor cast the sinner quite away,

Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart, And shaken off my guilty fears;

And vex'd, and urged thee to depart, For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been, Of all who e'er thy grace received; Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;

Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare, In honour of my great High Priest; Nor in thy righteous anger swear

C. Wesley.

SS Condemned, but pleading the promises. 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let a repenting rebel live. Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood, The power and glory of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound,— So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess, Against thy law, against thy grace; Lord, should thy judgments grow severe, I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there,-Some sure support against despair. Watts.

The dreadful day. 89

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away, What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day-

2 When, shriv'lling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll; And, louder yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead? 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away. W. Scott.

90 The light yoke and easy burden.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone; O that I could at last submit

At Jesus' feet to lay it down-To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find: Saviour of all, if mine thou art, To' exclude me from thy people's rest. Give me thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free; I cannot rest till pure within,-Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God; Thy light and easy burden prove;

The labour of thy dying love. 5 I would, but thou must give the power; My heart from every sin release;

Bring near, bring near the joyful hour, And fill me with thy perfect peace. C. Wesley.

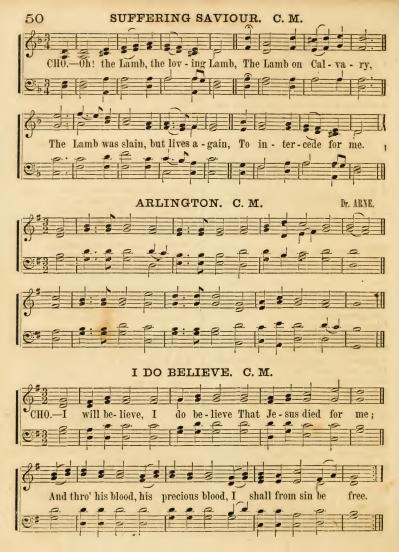
91 Only by faith.

1 Lord, I despair myself to heal; I see my sin, but cannot feel; I cannot, till thy Spirit blow, And bid th' obedient waters flow.

'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give; Thy gifts I only can receive; Here, then, to thee I all resign; To draw, redeem, and seal,—are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,— My light, my life, my Lord, my all: I wait the moving of the pool;

I wait the word that speaks me whole. C. Wesley.



92 Pleading the promise.

1 Lord, I approach the mercy-seat, Where thou dost answer prayer; There humbly fall before thy feet,

For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea; With this I venture nigh: Thou callest burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Satan sorely pressed,

By war without, and fear within, I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place; That, shelter'd near thy side, I may rejoice in Jesus' grace,— In Jesus crucified.
- 5 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilty sinners, such as I,

Might plead thy gracious name.

Newton.

93 Unwearied earnestness.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee; No other help I know:

If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah! whither shall I go?

- 2 What did thine only Son endure, Before I drew my breath! What pain, what labour, to secure My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe, I now should feel thy power; And all my wants thou wouldst relieve, In this accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift My weary, longing eyes: O let me now receive that gift,—

My soul without it dies.

Surely thou canst not let me die;
 O speak, and I shall live;
 And here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy Spirit give.

C. Wesley.

94 Believe, and be at peace.

1 O why should gloomy thoughts arise, And darkness fill the mind?

Why should that bosom heave with sighs,
And yet no refuge find?

2 Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm—
The great Physician there,
Who can thine every fear disarm.

Who can thine every fear disarm, And save thee from despair?

3 Still art thou overwhelm'd with grief, And fill'd with sore dismay? Still looking downward for relief, Without one cheering ray?

4 Lift up thy streaming eyes to heaven; The great atonement see;

And all thy sins shall be forgiven:— Believe, and thou art free.

5 For thee the Saviour suffer'd shame, And shed his precious blood: Believe, believe in Jesus' name,

And be at peace with God.

T. Hastings.

95 Lord, help my unbelief.

1 How sad our state by nature is; Our sin, how deep its stains; And Satan binds our captive souls Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace Sounds from the sacred word:— Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,

And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call, And runs to this relief;

I would believe thy promise, Lord; O help my unbelief!

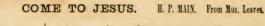
4 To the blest fountain of thy blood, Incarnate God, I fly;

Here let me wash my guilty soul From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, Into thine arms I fall;

Be thou my strength and righteousness,— My Jesus, and my all.

Watts.





96 Come to Jesus.

52

- 2 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to ransom thee, O slave! eternally Come, come to Jesus!
- 3 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to lighten thee,
 O burdened! graciously,
 Come, come to Jesus!
- 4 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to give to thee,

- O blind! a vision free, Come, come to Jesus!
- 5 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to shelter thee, O weary! blessedly, Come, come to Jesus!
- 6 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to carry thee,
 O Lamb! so lovingly,
 Come, come to Jesus!
 Dr. Geo. B. Peck,

COME YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. 8. WEBBE.



First time Soprano and Alto Duet, second time Chorus.





97 Abide with me.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, hear my call, Sinful though my heart may be, Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, abide with me.
- 2 Lonely in a stranger land, Cast me not away from thee, Lead me by thy gentle hand, Lord, abide with me.
- 3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
 Died to set the captive free,
 Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
 Lord, abide with me.

- 4 Fill me with thy love divine,
 Consecrate my life to thee,
 Bend my stubborn will to thine,
 Lord, abide with me.
- 5 When the shades of death prevail,
 Father, let me cling to thee;
 When I pass the gloomy vale,
 Still abide with me.
- 6 Then, O then, my raptured soul Heaven's eternal rest shall see; There, while endless ages roll, Live and reign with thee.

Fanny Crosby.

PS Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—
 Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

 Moore.



99 Groaning for deliverance.

1 WHEN shall thy love constrain, And force me to thy breast? When shall my soul return again

To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avail my strife,-My wand'ring to and fro? Thou hast the words of endless life: Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace To me did freely move; It calls me still to seek thy face,

And stoops to ask my love. 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;

I groan to be set free; I fain would now obey the call,

And give up all for thee.

C. Wesley.

100 Helpless and guilty.

1 AH, how shall fallen man Be just before his God? If he contend in righteousness,

We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark With strict inquiring eyes, Could we for one of thousand faults A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath, Their ancient seats forsake;

The trembling earth deserts her place,-Her rooted pillars shake.

4 Ah, how shall guilty man Contend with such a God?

None-none can meet him, and escape, But through the Saviour's blood. Epis. Col.

101 Seek Him while he may be found.

1 My son, know thou the Lord; Thy father's God obey; Seek his protecting care by night, His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found; Seek him while he is near; Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face, His ear will hear thy cry;

Then shalt thou find his mercy sure, His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God; Nor choose the path to heaven;

Then shalt thou perish in thy sins, And never be forgiven.

Village Hymns,

102 The horrors of the second death.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,— Rest for the weary soul?

Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears There is a life above,

Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath:

O what eternal horrors hang Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace! Teach us that death to shun; Lest we be banish'd from thy face,

Montgomery.

103 The Redeemer's tears.

For evermore undone.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief Burst forth from every eye.

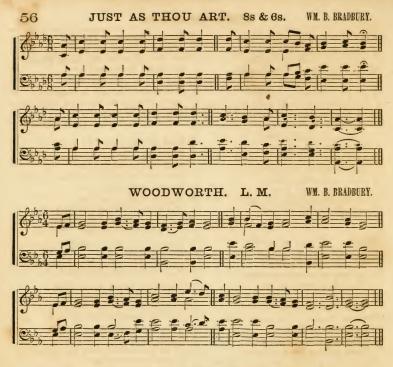
2 The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see;

Be thou astonish'd, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear :

In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

Beddomi.



PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s & 7s.



104 If any man thirst, let him come unto me.

1 Just as thou art, -- without one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace, Or fitness for the heavenly place,-O, guilty sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the world; it gives no rest: I bring relief to hearts oppressed; O, weary sinner come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross; Count all thy gains but empty dross; My grace repays all earthly loss,-O, needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears, Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears; 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,-O, trembling sinner, come!

C. Wesley.

105 Going to Jesus.

1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am-poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need in thee to find, O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve! Because thy promise I believe, O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am-thy love unknown, Has broken every barrier down; Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone, O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

106 Pleading Saviour. TUNE-PLEADING SAVIOUR.

1 Now the Saviour standeth pleading At the sinner's bolted heart; Now in heaven he's interceding, Taking there the sinner's part.

2 Sinner! hear your God and Saviour, Hear his gracious voice to-day, Turn from all your vain behavior,

O repent, return and pray!

Chorus.

Sinner, can you hate the Saviour? Can you thrust him from your arms? Once he died for your behavior, Now he calls you by his charms.

3 Now he's waiting to be gracious, Now he stands and looks on thee; See what kindness, love, and pity, Shine around on you and me.

4 Come, for all things now are ready, Yet there's room for many more: O ye blind, ye lame and needy, Come to wisdom's boundless store!

Unknown.

107 Christ the best friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end!

Chorus.

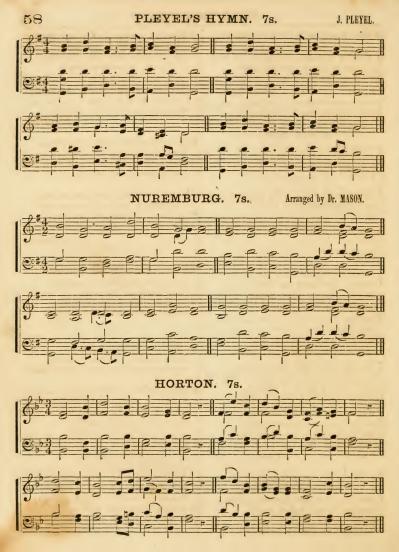
Sinner, can you hate the Saviour? Can you thrust him from your arms? Once he died for your behavior, Now he calls you by his charms.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us, Could, or would, have shed his blood? But our Jesus died to have us Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased. Friend of sinners was his name; Now, above all glory raised, He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, alas! forget too often; What a friend we have above.

Newton.



108 Mercy for the chief of sinners.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent; Let me now my sins lament; Now my foul revolt deplore, Weep, believe, and sin no more. 4 Kindled his relentings are; Me he now delights to spare ; Cries, How shall I give thee up ?-

Lets the lifted thunder drop. 5 There for me the Saviour stands; Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands; God is love! I know, I feel;

Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

C. Wesley.

109 The danger of delay.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun: Wisdom if you still despise, Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy season should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest! Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest perdition thee arrest Ere the morrow is begun.

T. Scott.

110 Awake thou that sleepest. 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep; Wake, and o'er thy folly weep; Raise thy spirit, dark and dead; Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death; See the bright and living path; Watchful, tread that path; be wise; Leave thy folly, seek the skies. 3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime; From this hour redeem thy time; Life secure without delay ;

Evil is thy mortal day.

Unknown.

111 The sinner at the judgment. 1 When thy mortal life is fled, When the death-shades o'er thee spread, When is finished thy career, Sinner, where wilt thou appear? 2 When the world has passed away, When draws near the judgment-day, When the awful trump shall sound, Say, O where wilt thou be found? 3 When the Judge descends in light, Clothed in majesty and might, When the wicked quail with fear, Where, O where wilt thou appear? 4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh, Quickly to the Saviour fly; Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;

Then in heaven shalt thou appear. S. F. Smith.

112 The voice of Jesus.

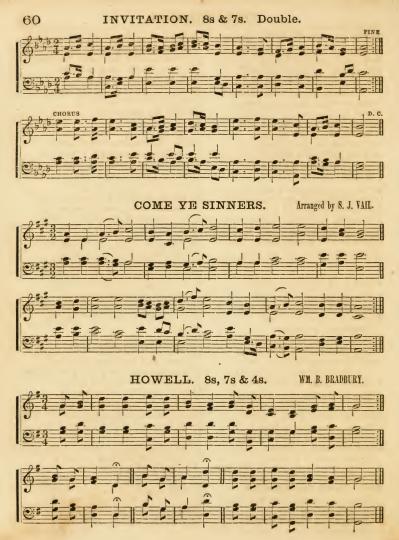
1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary wanderer, hither come!

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye, by fiercer anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn :-

4 Hither come! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Barbauld.



113 The invitation.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power: He is able,

He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify; True belief and true repentance,-Every grace that brings you nigh,—

Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger; Nor of fitness fondly dream: All the fitness he require th Is to feel your need of him: This he gives you,—

'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam. 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,

Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all; Not the righteous,-Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden, Your Redeemer prostrate lies; On the bloody tree behold him! Hear him cry, before he dies, It is finish'd!— Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending, Pleads the merit of his blood: Venture on him,—venture freely; Let no other trust intrude: None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb; While the blissful seats of heaven Sweetly echo with his name: Hallelujah! Sinners here may do the same. Hart. 114 Glad tidings.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message Sent in mercy from above? -Every sentence, oh, how tender Every line is full of love: Listen to it: Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel, News from Zion's King proclaim: "Pardon to each rebel sinner; Free forgiveness in his name:

How important!

"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor, Fearful hearts, they quell your fears; And with news of consolation, Chase away the falling tears; Tender heralds!

Chase away the falling tears. 4 Who hath our report believed?

Who received the joyful word? Who embraced the news of pardon Offered to you by the Lord? Can you slight it? Offered to you by the Lord?

Allen.

The voice of mercy.

1 Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you Now with sweetest voice she calls: Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls.

Chorus.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation; Sound the praise of his dear name; Glory, honor, and salvation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gath'ring O'er the path you dare to tread; Hark! the awful thunder rolling

Loud and louder o'er your head.

3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour, Seek his mercy while you may; Soon the day of grace is over; Soon your life will pass away.

Reed.



116 One thing needful.

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
We are passing away, &c.

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?
We are passing away, &c.

3 Not so your eyes will always view Those objects which you now pursue; Not so will heaven and hell appear, When death's decisive hour is near. We are passing away, &c.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.
We are passing away, &c.

Doddridge.

117 Th

The only refuge.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide,

O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee: Leave, O leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me: All my trust on thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing. 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;

I am all unrighteousness; False, and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

C. Wesley.

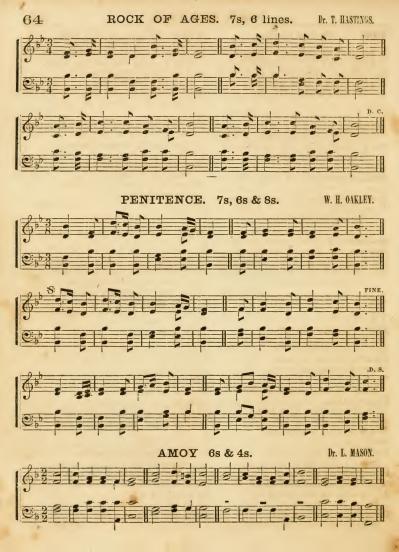
Why will ye die?

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did you'r being give, Made you with himself to live; He the fatal cause demands; Asks the work of his own hands,—Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Saviour, asks you why? He, who did your souls retrieve, Died himself, that ye might live. Will ye let him die in vain? Crucify your Lord again? Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, the Spirit, asks you why? He, who all your lives hath strove, Urged you to embrace his love. Will ye not his grace receive? Will ye still refuse to live? O ye dying sinners, why, Why will ye forever die?

C. Wesley.



119 What sin hath done.

1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent! Break, by Jesus' cross subdued; See his body, mangled, rent,

Stain'd and cover'd with his blood! Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Crucified the' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;
Driven the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head;
Plunged into his side the spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain? Still to death thy Lord pursue? Open all his wounds again, And the shameful cross renew?

And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

C. Wesley.

120 Clinging to the cross.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure,— Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,— Could my zeal no languor know,— These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone: In my hand no price I bring; Simply to the cross I cling.

2 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne,— Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

5

121 Humility and contrition.

TUNE—PENITENCE.

1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;

Call back a wand ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Repentance to impart,

Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:

Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

C. Wesley.

122 The Saviour calls.

1 To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wanderers, come; O, ve benighted souls,

Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O, listen now;

Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day: Yield to his power:

O, grieve him not away; 'Tis mercy's hour.



123 Return, O, wanderer.

1 RETURN, O, wanderer, now return, And seek an injured Father's face; Those warm desires that in thee burn, Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O, wanderer, now return, And seek a Father's melting heart; His pitying eyes thy grief discern,

His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O, wanderer, now return, Thy Saviour bids thy Spirit live; Go to his bleeding feet and learn How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O, wanderer, now return, And wipe away the falling tear;

'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn," 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near. Collyer.

124 Prayer of the publican.

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my only plea: O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes, Nor dare uplift them to the skies; But thou dost all my anguish see: O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done. Can for a single sin atone; To Calvary alone I flee: O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell, My raptured song shall ever be, God has been merciful to me!

Unknown.

125 The accepted time.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light, No flesh nor soul hath rest or ease; Mercy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, O haste away, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave,— Before his bar your spirits bring, And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,-No God regard your bitter prayer, No Saviour calls you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,

While yet a pard'ning God is found. Dwight.

126 Original and actual sin.

1 LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin, And born unholy and unclean; Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath The seeds of sin grow up for death; Thy law demands a perfect heart, But we're defiled in every part.

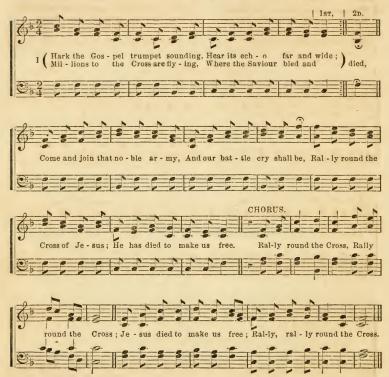
3 Behold, we fall before thy face; Our only refuge is thy grace: No outward forms can make us clean, The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest, Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea, Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone, Hath power sufficient to atone; Thy blood can make us white as snow; No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace, Lord, let us hear thy pard ning voice, And make these broken hearts rejoice. Watts.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. From Musical Leaves No. 3.



127 Let me glory in the cross.
2 Through his all atoning merit,
We no more are slaves to sin;
By his grace we yet may conquer
Foes without and foes within.
Courage, let our hearts be valiant,
And our armor brightly shine;
Take the helmet of salvation,

Wield the sword of truth divine.

3 See our glorious banner waving
O'er the Christian's battle-ground;
Faithful at our posts of duty,
Let us each and all be found.
See our glorious banner waving,
To its colors boldly stand;
Lo! one "beacon" in the distance,
Pointing to the promised land.

Fanny Crosby.

4 We are on the banks of Jordan, Darkly though its waters flow, Upward to the Mount of Zion, Shout triumphant as we go. One more struggle, one more conquest,
And our mortal strife shall cease;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
We shall gain the port of peace.

LEBANON. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.



128 The Good Shepherd.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild:

They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;

They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one. 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,

Twas he that loved my soul, Twas he that washed me in his blood,

'I was he that made me whole:

Twas he that sought the lost,

That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—

'Tis he that still doth keep.

Bonar,



129 If we suffer with Him we shall / reign with Him.

- 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons of men and angels say: Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,-Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,-Christ has burst the gates of hell: Death in vain forbids his rise; Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King; Where, O death, is now thy sting? Once he died our souls to save ; Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Follow our exalted head: Made like him, like him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. C. Wesley.

130 Weeping Mary.

1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the early dawn; Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone; For a while she lingering stood,

Filled with sorrow and surprise, Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled When she heard his welcome voice: Christ had risen from the dead,

Now he bids her heart rejoice; What a change his word can make, Turning darkness into day; Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,

He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her. When she thought her all was lost, Will for your relief appear,

Tho' you now are tempest-tossed:

On his word your burden cast, On his love your thoughts employ: Weeping for a while may last,

But the morning brings the joy.

Unknown.

131 The sun of righteousness.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,— Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled.

- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,— Join the triumphs of the skies; With angelic hosts proclaim,-Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,-Christ, the everlasting Lord; Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see; Hail, incarnate Deity!
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all he brings,-Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Come, Desire of nations, come Fix in us thy humble home; Second Adam from above, Reinstate us in thy love.

C. Wesity.

The Heavenly theme.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme, Sing aloud of Jesus' name; Ye who his salvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears, Banish all your guilty fears: See your guilt and curse remove, Canceled by redeeming love.

3 Welcome, all by sin oppressed, Welcome to his sacred rest: Nothing brought him from above, Nothing but redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring, Strike aloud each joyful string: Mortals, join the hosts above, Join to praise redeeming love!

Langford.



133 The unsearchable riches of Christ.

1 O, could I speak the matchless worth, O. could I sound the glories forth

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,

In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt

Of sin and wrath divine: I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Exalted on his throne:

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us, And I shall see his face;

Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest eternity I'll spend,

Triumphant in his grace.

Medley.

134 It is finished. TUNE-ZION.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary;

See! it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; It is finish'd:-

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O, what pleasure Do these precious words afford! Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

It is finish'd :-Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs: Join to sing the pleasing theme; All on earth, and all in heaven,

Join to praise Immanuel's name; It is finish'd:—

Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Francis.

Hallelujah.

TUNE-ZION. 1 O THOU God of my salvation,

My Redeemer from all sin; Moved by thy divine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win,

I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour; He hath brought salvation near;

Manifests his pard'ning favour; And when Jesus doth appear, Soul and body

Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,— Glory to the great I AM,

I with them will still be vying— Glory! glory to the Lamb! O how precious

Is the sound of Jesus' name!

Unperceived amid the throng; Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us, Glad to join the holy song: Hallelujah,

Love and praise to Christ belong! C. Wesley.

136 Morning at the tomb. TUNE-WILMOT.

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb; Jesus scatters all its gloom: Day of triumph through the skies, See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christian! dry your flowing tears; Chase those unbelieving fears: Look on his deserted grave; Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye, who are of death afraid, Triumph in the scattered shade; Drive your anxious cares away:

See the place where Jesus lay! 4 Lo! the rising sun appears,

Shedding radiance o'er the spheres; Lo! returning beams of light Chase the terrors of the night.

Collyer.



BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.



SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.



137 Jesus, I my cross have taken.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be: Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how rich is my condition!

2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, untrue: And while thou shalt smile upon me,

God and heaven are still my own.

God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me; Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest. Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me; Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,

Were that joy unmixed with thee. Miss Grant.

138 Glorying in the cross.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.

Bowring.

139 Peace on earth—good-will to men.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! the' angelic host rejoices; Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy :-Glory in the highest, glory, Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!— Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth his praises sing;

O receive whom God appointed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him; Learn his name, and taste his joy; Till in heaven ye sing before him,—

Glory be to God most high!

Carrond.

140 Joy at the cross.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace possessing,

From the sinner's dving friend.

2 Love and grief, my heart dividing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe; Constant still, in faith abiding, Life deriving from his death.

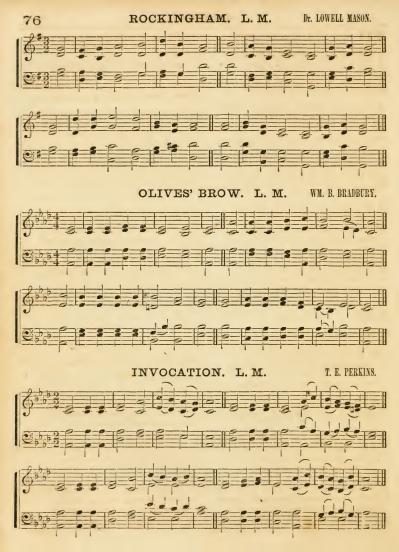
3 Truly blessed is this station, Low before his cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing Mercy streaming in his blood;

Precious drops my soul bedewing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Batty.



141 Love which passeth knowledge.

1 Or him who did salvation bring, I could forever think and sing; Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve; Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given; Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven: Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood; 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb, He closed his eyes to show us God: Let all the world fall down and know, That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone I shed my tears and make my moan; Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ever dry: Ah! who against thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves, can love enough? C. Wesley.

142 The conflict.

- 1 'Tis midnight; and, on Olive's brow, The star is dimm'd that lately shone; 'Tis midnight; in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, 2 "'Tis finished!"-all that heaven foretold The Saviour wrestles lone with fears: Ev'n that disciple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt, The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood: Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know: Unheard by mortals are the strains Tappan.

143 Fullness and sufficiency of the atonement.

- 1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress: 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully absolved through these I am,-From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- Who from the Father's bosom came,— Who died for me, e'en me t'atone,— Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,— Which, at the mercy-seat of God, Forever doth for sinners plead,— For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more Than sands upon the ocean shore, Thou hast for all a ransom paid, For all a full atonement made.

J. Wesley.

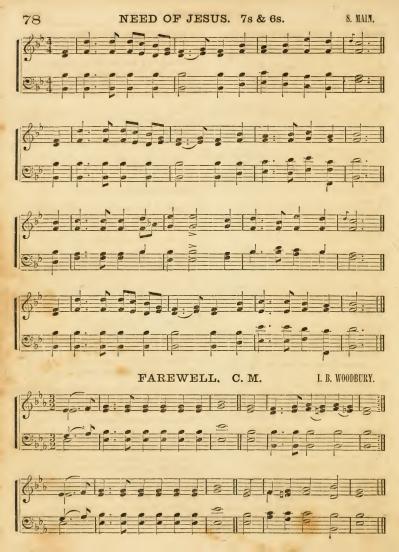
144 It is finished.

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head, and died: "'Tis finished!"-yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the victory won.

By prophets in the days of old; And truths are opened to our view, That kings and prophets never knew.

3 "'Tis finished!"-Son of God, thy power Hath triumphed in this awful hour; And yet, our eyes with sorrow see That life to us was death to thee.

4 "'Tis finished!"-let the joyful sound Be heard through all the nations round; "'Tis finished!"-let the echo fly That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe. Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky



Need of Jesus. 145

1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus, For I am full of sin, My soul is dark and guilty, My heart is dead within. I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can always flee-The blood of Christ most precious,

The sinner's only plea.

2 I need thee, precious Jesus, For I am very poor, A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store. I need the love of Jesus To cheer me on my way; To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus, I need a friend like thee; A friend to soothe and sympathize, A friend to care for me. I need the heart of Jesus To feel each anxious care,

To tell my every trouble, And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, precious Jesus, For I am very blind; A weak and foolish wanderer, With dark and evil mind. I need thy cheering presence, To tread the thorny road; To guide me safe to glory,

To bring me home to God.

Unknown.

146 He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all and frees us From the accursed load: I bring my guilt to Jesus, To wash my crimson stains White in his blood most precious, Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus; All fullness dwells in Him; He heals all my diseases, He doth my soul redeem: I lay my griefs on Jesus, My burdens and my cares; He from them all releases, He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus, This weary soul of mine; His right hand me embraces, I on his breast recline. I love the name of Jesus. Immanuel, Christ, the Lord; Like fragrance on the breezes, His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus, Meek, loving, lowly, mild; I long to be like Jesus, The Father's holy child: I long to be with Jesus Amid the heavenly throng, To sing with saints his praises, To learn the angels' song.

Bonar.

147 He died for thee. TUNE-FAREWELL,

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind Nail'd to the shameful tree; How vast the love that him inclined To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes And earth's strong pillars bend; The temple's veil in sunder breaks,— The solid marbles rend.

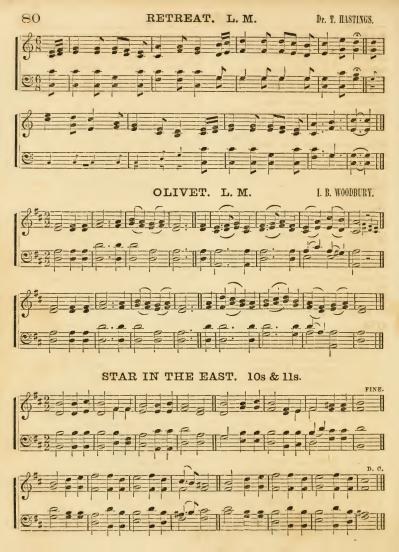
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid! Receive my soul! he cries:

See where he bows his sacred head; He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine: O Lamb of God, was ever pain,

Was ever love, like thine?

S. Wesley.



148 Not ashamed of Jesus.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
Whose glories shine through endless days.
2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus !—yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is thy boasting vain— Till then, I boast a Saviour slain; And O, may this my glory be,— That Christ is not ashamed of me. Grigg.

149 Because He liveth I shall live also.
1 I know that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love; He lives, to plead for me above; He lives, my hungry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need. 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath; He lives, and I shall conquer death; He lives, my mansion to prepare; He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his Name; He lives, my Saviour, still the same; What joy the blest assurance gives,—I know that my Redeemer lives. Medicu.

150 Glorying only in the cross.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss,

And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

Or thorns compose so rich a crown? 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Watts.

151

Hail! thou blest morn. TUNE-STAR IN THE EAST.

1 Hall! thou blest morn, when the Great Mediator, Down from the regions of glory descends; Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the manger, Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

Chorus.—Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;

Star in the East the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion, Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?

Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gold would his favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration,

Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.



152 Dying, rising, reigning.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies,

A sudden trembling shakes the ground: Come, saints, and drop a tear or two

For him who groan'd beneath your load; Nail my affections to the cross; He shed a thousand drops for you,-A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree: The Lord of glory dies for man! But lo! what sudden joys we see: Jesus, the dead, revives again. The rising God forsakes the tomb; (In vain the tomb forbids his rise;) Cherubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great deliv'rer reigns; Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains: Say, live forever, wondrous King!

Born to redeem, and strong to save; Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting? And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? Watts.

The Star of Bethlehem. 153

2 Once on the raging seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark; The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed The wind that tossed my foundering bark. Deep horror then my vitals froze;

When suddenly a star arose— It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease; And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace. Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,

I'll sing, first in night's diadem, For ever, and forever more,

The Star-the Star of Bethlehem! H. K. White. 154 Following the Saviour.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light. Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee: O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross; Hallow each thought; let all within Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray, Be thou my light, be thou my way No foes, no violence I fear, No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,-When sinks my heart in waves of woe,-Jesus, thy timely aid impart, And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see, Dauntless, untired, I follow thee; O let thy hand support me still, And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way, My strength proportion to my day; Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease, Where all is calm, and joy, and peace. J. Wesley.

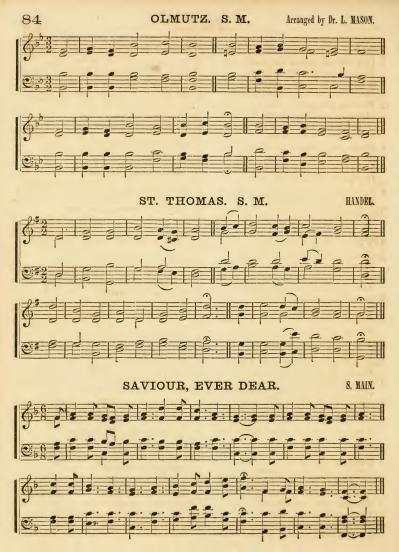
155 An advocate with the Father.

1 Jesus, my Advocate above. My Friend before the throne of love, If now for me prevails thy prayer, If now I find thee pleading there,-

2 If thou the secret wish convey, Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,-Hear, and my weak petitions join, Almighty Advocate, to thine.

> 3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain; My earnest suit present, and gain: My fulness of corruption show; The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free: Death, hell, are but the want of thee: My life, my only heaven thou art;— O might I feel thee in my heart. C. Wesley.



156 Our ransom paid.

1 Our sins on Christ were laid; He bore the mighty load;

Our ransom-price he fully paid In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world, he dies; Sinners, behold the Lamb!

To him lift up your longing eyes; Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound; He will your sins forgive; Salvation in his name is found,— He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe. Fawcett.

157 All-sufficient grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown, Through everlasting days;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves our praise.

Doddridge.

158 At the cross.

1 Here will I ever lie, And tell thee all my care, And "Father! Abba, Father!" cry And pour a ceaseless prayer:

2 Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.
C. Wesley.

159 Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.

1 The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,

With him shall rise the ransom'd seed To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives his people's cause to ple

He lives, his people's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed; Attending angels, hear;

Up to the courts of heaven, with speed, The joyful tidings bear:—

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.
Kele

160 Ever near.

TUNE-SAVIOUR EVER DEAR.

1 I close my heavy eye, Saviour, ever near! I lift my soul on high,

Through the darkness drear: Be thou my light, I cry, Saviour, ever dear!

2 I feel thine arms around, Saviour, ever near!

With thee if I am found, Never can I fear,

Whatever ills abound;— Saviour, ever dear!

3 Thine is the day and night, Saviour, ever near;

Thine is the dark and light, Be my covert here:

Oh, shield me with thy might, Saviour, ever dear!

4 And when I come to die, Saviour, ever near,

Receive my parting sigh;
In the hour of fear,
Be to my spirit pigh

Be to my spirit nigh, Saviour, ever dear!

Bonar,



This is my friend. 161

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow;

His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare, Among the sons of men; Fairer is he than all the fair That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my relief;

For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.

- 4 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death, He saves me from the grave.
- 5 Since from his bounty I receive, Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord! they should all be thine.

Stennett.

The shadow of the Cross.

To yonder cross I flee; Beneath its shelter take my seat : No shade like this for me!

2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst-Salvation shall inspire our hearts, A fountain sparkling free;

And there I quench my desert thirst: No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent Beneath this spreading tree, Here shall my pilgrim life be spent: No home like this for me!

4 For burdened ones a resting-place, Beside that cross I see; I here cast off my weariness:

No rest like this for me! Bonar.

163 The rapture of love.

1 O 'ris delight without alloy, Jesus, to hear thy name: My spirit leaps with inward joy; I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign, When love inspires my breast,-

Love, the divinest of the train, The sov'reign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing, When faith and hope shall cease,

And sound from every joyful string Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place, And hasten to my home;

I leap to meet thy kind embrace; I come, O Lord, I come.

5 Sink down, ye separating hills; Let sin and death remove;

'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels, And death must yield to love.

164 The joyful sound.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears;

A sov'reign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly 1 Oppress'd with noon-day's searching heat, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs:

And dwell upon our tongues.

Watts.

165 The cross and the crown.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?

No: there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above Who once went sorrowing here;

But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,

And then go home my grown to wear,-For there's a crown for me!

G. N. Allen.



166 The precious name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear;

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding-place;

My never-failing treasure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,

Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim With every fleeting breath; So shall the music of thy name

Refresh my soul in death.

Newton.

167 Praise,-delightful.

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end,—

The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word;

Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length Of the celestial road;

And march, with courage in thy strength, To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers, With this delightful song;

And entertain the darkest hours, Nor think the season long.

Watts.

168 Repentance in view of the cross.

1 And can mine eyes, without a tear, A weeping Saviour see? Shall I not weep his groans to hear, Who groaned and died for me? 2 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine Subdue each stubborn foe;

Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

Heginbotham,

. . . .

169 Efficacy of the atoning blood.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; ||: And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,

||:Lose all their guilty stains. :|| :||

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;

And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransom'd Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme,

And shall be, till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,

I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue, Lies silent in the grave.

Cowper.

170 Not ashamed of the Gospel.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause;

Maintain the honour of his word,—
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name; His name is all my trust;

Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

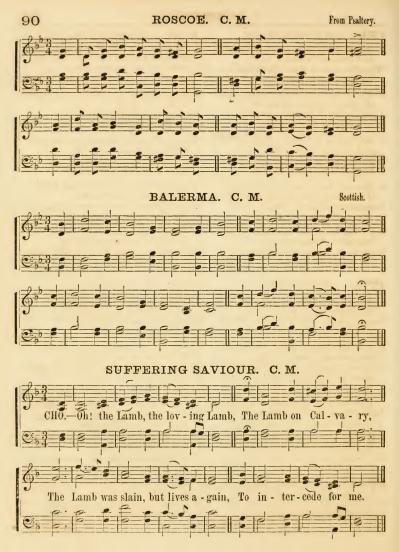
3 Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well secure

What I've committed to his hands, Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name Before his Father's face,

And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Watts.



171 Godly sorrow at the cross.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,

For man, the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do. Watts.

172 His humiliation.

- 1 And did the Holy and the Just,—
 The Sov'reign of the skies,—
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty man might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne, His radiant throne on high— Surprising mercy! love unknown!— To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 To dwell with mis'ry here below, The Saviour left the skies, And sunk to wretchedness and woe, That worthless man might rise.
- 4 He took the dying traitor's place, And suffer'd in his stead; For sinful man—O wondrous grace!— For sinful man he bled.
- 5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell In thine atoning blood!
 By this are sinners saved from hell, And rebels brought to God.

Steele.

173 His amazing love.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay,

Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and (O, amazing love!) He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fied;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break; And all harmonious human tongues, The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys; Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told. Watts.

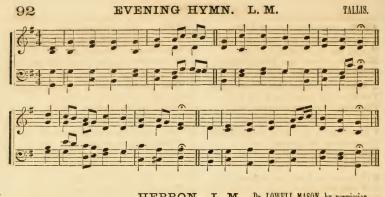
174 His sympathizing love.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace Of our High Priest above; His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within, He knows our feeble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh, Pour'd out strong cries and tears, And in his measure feels afresh What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax, But raise it to a flame; The bruised reed he never breaks,

The bruised reed he never breaks, Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address His mercy and his power; We shall obtain deliv'ring grace In every trying hour.

Watts.



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175 Evening: trusting in God.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light: Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose, And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close; 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ, Sleep, which shall me more vigrous make, To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share The bliss of thy paternal care: 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above, To see thy face, and sing thy love.

176 Morning and evening mercies.

1 My God, how endless is thy love; Thy gifts are every evening new; And morning mercies from above, Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command; To thee devote my nights and days ; Perpetual blessings from thy hand Demand perpetual songs of praise. Watts.

His everlasting arms of love.

1 How do thy mercies close me round! Forever be thy name adored;

I blush in all things to abound; The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain, A suff'ring life my Master led; The Son of God, the Son of man, He had not where to lay his head. 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared For me, whom watchful angels keep; Yea, he himself becomes my guard; He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep,

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone: What can the Rock of Ages move? Safe in thy arms I lay me down,— Thine everlasting arms of love.

C. Wesley.

178 Self-dedication to the Lord.

1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart, And fix my frail, inconstant heart; Henceforth my chief desire shall be To dedicate myself to thee.

One thought shall fill my soul with joy: That silent, secret thought shall be, That all my thoughts are fix'd on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space; Thy presence, Lord, fills every place; And wheresoe'er my lot may be, Kennett. Still shall my spirit rest with thee.

> 4 Renouncing every worldly thing, And safe beneath thy spreading wing, My sweetest thought henceforth shall be. That all I want I find in thee. Oberlin.

> 179 Evening: memorials of His grace.

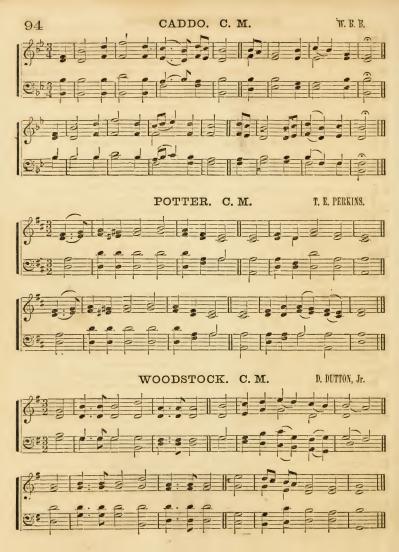
1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,— Thus far his power prolongs my days; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home: But he forgives my follies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head; While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salvation in the sound.

Watts.



180 The final meeting.

1 WE meet upon this lonely shore, Those whom we dearly love:

When shall we meet to part no more, When shall we meet above?

2 We meet to bid the sad farewell; To love, to sigh, to part; Alas, how soon the sweetest spell

Is driven from the heart!

3 The fairest flowers we fondly love, How soon their beauty dies! But purer they will bloom above,

In bowers of paradise.

4 In that bright, happy land afar We'll find, the loved, the lost; And nought our happiness can mar, When life's rough sea is crossed.

5 There love, so pure, so rich, so deep Fills every heart with joy;

Faith shall its full fruition reap, For doubt can ne'er alloy.

6 We'll meet again when storms are o'er, The ills of life are past;

When partings rend the heart no more, We'll meet, we'll meet at last. Miss J. M. E.

181 Comfort in God.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul, On thee, when sorrows rise, On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief, For thou alone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel.

3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine;

The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my only trust; And still my soul would cleave to thee,

Though prostrate in the dust. Steele.

The Christian child. 182

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill How sweet the lily grows!

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod— Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill The lily must decay; The rose that blooms beneath the hill

Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's maturer age Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,

And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath, We seek thy grace alone, In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

Heber.

183 Evening. - Solitude.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away From every cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed The penitential tear, And all his promises to plead Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore,-And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven; The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing ray Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Brown.



EVAN. C. M. Dr. LOWELL MASON, by permission.



PETERBORO'. C. M.



Gratitude. 184

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how can words with equal warmth The gratitude declare,

That glows within my ravish'd heart?-But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd To form themselves in prayer.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,

It gently clear'd my way; And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be fear'd than they.

5 Through every period of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue; And after death, in distant worlds, The pleasing theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee A grateful song I'll raise; But O! eternity's too short To utter all thy praise. Addison.

185 Evening: cheerful confidence.

1 In mercy, Lord, remember me, Through all the hours of night, And grant to me most graciously The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes, Since thou wilt not remove:

O, in the morning let me rise Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last, And end my transient days;

Lord, take me to thy promised rest, Where I may sing thy praise. Moravian.

186 Morning: self-consecration.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his Name repeats, The day renews the sound;

Wide as the heavens on which he sits, To turn the seasons round

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise;

My sins might rouse his wrath to flame, But yet his wrath delays. 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,

Whilst I enjoy the light; Then shall my snn in smiles decline, And bring a peaceful night.

187 Secret communion with God.

1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream In earnest pleading flows; Devotion dwells upon the theme, And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;

Hope points the upward gaze; And Love, celestial Love, inspires The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice, Unheard by human ear, When God has made the heart rejoice,

And dried the bitter tear. 4 No accents flow, no words ascend:

All utt'rance faileth there; But God himself doth comprehend, And answer, silent prayer. Martineau.

188 Suffer the little children to come unto me.

1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands With all-engaging charms; Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,

And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries, Nor scorn their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these

The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joyful that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our offspring be. Doddridge.



189 Habitual devotion.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled!

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed; Prostrate, O Lord, before thee fall, To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed; That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear, The gathering storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee.

Mrs. M. H. Williams.

190 The evening sacrifice. TUNE-HASTINGS.

1 THOU, Lord of life, whose tender care Hath led us on till now,

Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer, Before thy throne we bow: We bless thy gracious hand, and pray Forgiveness for another day.

2 With prayer, our humble praise we bring, For mercies day by day:

Lord, teach our hearts thy love to sing; Lord, teach us how to pray: All that we have we owe to thee,—

Thy debtors through eternity.

3 Thou, blessed God, hast been our guide, Through life our guard and friend;

Yet still, throughout life's wearied tide, Preserve us to the end: And when this life's sad journey's past,

Receive us to thyself at last,

4 In our Redeemer's name, for all These blessings we implore; And gratefully adore: Bend from thy throne of earth and skies,

And bless our evening sacrifice. Flowers of Poetry.

191 Sunday morning: preparing for public worship.

TUNE-MELODY, p. 12. 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high:

To thee will I direct my prayer,-To thee lift up mine eye:-

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints; Presenting, at the Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight The wicked shall not stand: Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort, To taste thy mercies there; I will frequent thy holy court, And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness; Make every path of duty straight, And plain before my face.

Watts.

Doxology.—Praise to the Trinity.

1 THE God of mercy be adored, Who calls our souls from death, Who saves by his redeeming word, And new-creating breath;

To praise the Father, and the Son, And Spirit, all-divine,—

The one in three, and three in one,— Let saints and angels join.



Evening hymn. 192

1 THE day is past and gone, The evening shades appear;

O may we all remember well The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; So death will soon disrobe us all

Of what we here possess. 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,

Secure from all our fears ; May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise, And view th' unwearied sun, May we set out to win the prize, And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past, And we from time remove,

O may we in thy bosom rest, Unknown. The bosom of thy love.

193 Flight of time.

1 ANOTHER day is past, The hours for ever fled, And time is bearing us away To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace Our Father's care shall keep; We yield to gentle slumber now, For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they On thee securely stayed! Nor shall they be in life alarmed, Nor be in death dismayed. Unknown.

194 Kindness to our frailty.

1 The pity of the Lord,

To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel; He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust, Scattered with every breath;

His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower; When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure;

And children's children ever find Thy words of promise sure. Watts.

195 Bereavement and resignation. TUNE-TALMAR.

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won,

We would, at this solemn meeting, Calmly say, -Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken: Though afflicted, not alone:

Thou didst give, and thou hast taken; Blessed Lord, -Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning, Mercy still is on the throne;

With thy smiles of love returning, We can sing,-Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given; Thou hast taken but thine own; Lord of earth, and God of heaven, Evermore,—Thy will be done. Maternal Hymns.

196 Evening: confidence in God's protection.

TUNE-TALMAR.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal,

Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrows past us fly,

Angel guards from thee surround us;

We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee;

Thou art he who, never weary, Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us. And command us to the tomb,

May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

Edmeston.



197 Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,

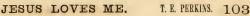
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine! Lost in this dawning light, Jesus is mine! All that my soul has tried, Left but a dismal void, Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

Bonar.







198 Love of Jesus.

2 Jesus loves me, loves me still, Tho' I'm often weak and ill; From his shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie. Jesus loves me, he will stay Close beside me all the way; Then his little child will take Up to heaven for his dear sake.

199 Strength equal to the day.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord, To his gracious promise flee, Laying hold upon his word, "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case Seem peculiar still to thee,

God has promised needful grace, "As thy days, thy strength shall be." 3 Days of trial, days of grief, In succession thou may'st see; This is still thy sweet relief,

"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure, With thy promise full and free;

Faithful, positive, and sure,—

"As thy days, thy strength shell be."

Unknown.

200 Evening: communion with God.

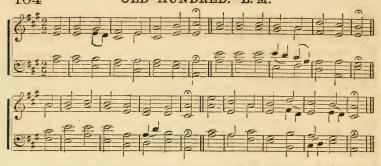
TUNE—HORTON.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;

Free from care, from labour free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon from us the light of day, Shall forever pass away; Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Epis. Coll.



PORTUGAL. L. M. T. HORLEY.

DUKE STREET. L. M. ... JOIN HATTON.

201 National blessings.

- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee Our hymn of gratitude we raise; With humble heart, and bending knee, We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy Name we bless, almighty God, For all the kindness thou hast shown To this fair land the pilgrims trod,— This land we fondly call our own.
- And casts her soft and hallow'd ray; Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light Through all our land its radiance sheds; Dispels the shades of error's night, And heavenly blessings round as spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear; In danger still our guardian be ; O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here; Let all the people worship thee.

The Psalmodist.

202 Glorious and spotless.

- 1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow, Great Builder of thy Church below; If now thy Spirit move my breast, Hear, and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord, And wait thy sanctifying word, And thee their utmost Saviour own ;-Unite and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all thy mind express, Stand forth thy chosen witnesses; Thy power unto salvation show, And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold How Christians lived in days of old; Mighty their envious foes to move,-A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 5 Call them into thy wondrous light, Worthy to walk with thee in white: Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

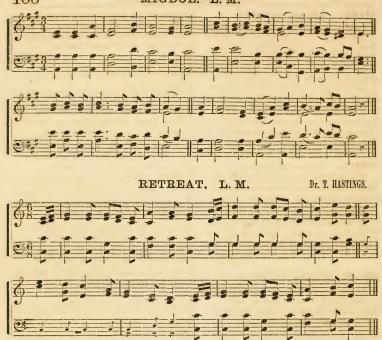
6 From every sinful wrinkle free, Redeem'd from all iniquity, The fellowship of saints make known, And O, my God, may I be one! C. Wesley.

203 God, the nation's guardian.

- 1 Great God! beneath whose piercing eye The earth's extended kingdoms lie; Whose fav'ring smile upholds them all, 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide, Whose anger smites them, and they fall:
 - 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne; Thy power we see—thy greatness own; In safety through their dang'rous way. Yet, cherish'd by thy milder voice, Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
 - 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown Their children's children long shall own; To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise The tribute of exulting praise.
 - 4 Led on by thine unerring aid, Secure the paths of life we tread; And, freely as the vital air, Thy first and noblest bounties share.
 - 5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend O still thy shelt'ring arm extend; Preserved by thee for ages past, For ages let thy kindness last!

204 The joys of the Sabbath.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
 - 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart, Then I shall share a glorious part: And fresh supplies of joy be shed, Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or wish'd below; And every power find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.



MELODY. C. M.



205 The song of triumph.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise, Through all the millions of the skies— That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be Obedient, mighty God, to thee; And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, 'Till not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

Fratt's Coll.

206 Zion encouraged.

1 Zion, awake; thy strength renew; Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God, arise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth divine. 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar, Wide as the heathen nations are; Gentiles and kings thy light shall view; All shall admire and love thee too.

Unknown.

207 Importance of the bible to the young.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rules imparts,

To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,

And, through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise:
We hate the sinner's road;

We hate our own vain thoughts that rise, But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth; How pure is every page!

That holy book shall guide our youth, And well support our age. Watts.

208 Converts welcomed.

1 Believing souls, of Christ beloved, Who have yourselves to him resigned, Your faith and practice both approved, A hearty welcome here shall find. 2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles, Though by a scorning world abhorred, Now share with us the Saviour's smiles; Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands, And you an invitation give; Unite with us in sacred bands; The pledges of our love receive.

4 O Thou, who art the church's Head, This union with thy blessings crown; And still revive and save the dead, Till thousands more thy name shall own.

Beddome.

209 They that go down to the sea in ships.

1 WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail, Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale; And on their hearts, where'er they go, O, let thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 When tempests rock the groaning bark, O hide them safe in Jesus' ark! When in the tempting port they ride, O keep them safe at Jesus' side.

3 If life's wide ocean smile or roar, Still guide them to the heavenly shore; And grant their dust in Christ may sleep, Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

G. Burgess.

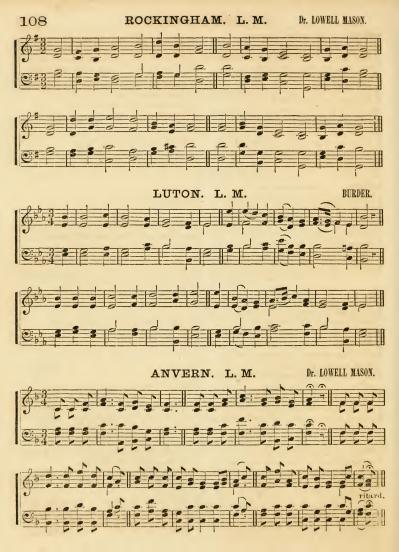
210 Preciousness of the bible.

1 How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given; Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears; And life, and light, and joy imparts, And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way; Till we behold the clearer light

Of an eternal day. Fawcett



211 In the sanctuary.

Let my religious hours alone; Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire, And kindle there a pure desire: Come, sacred Spirit, from above, And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare! How sweet thine entertainments are! Never did angels taste above Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine! In thee thy Father's glories shine; Thy glorious name shall be adored, And every tongue confess thee Lord.

212Pledge of endless rest.

1 RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest: Another six days' work is done; Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, Dwell on his love with sweetest song, As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from Christ that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast, Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the Church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day, In holy comforts, pass away; How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end. Montgomery.

213 Triumphs of mercy.

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength—the nations shake, And let the world, adoring, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee. 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne, I am Jehovah—God alone: Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let creature blood be spilt-1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Vain sacrifice for human guilt! But to each conscience be applied The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side. 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim, In every land, of every name; Let adverse powers before thee fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Shrubsole.

214 Christ's universal and everlasting kingdom.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more. 2 From north to south the princes meet,

To pay their homage at his feet; While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown his head; His Name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his Name.

215 Put on thy beautiful garments, 0 Jerusalem.

1 Awake, Jerusalem, awake,— No longer in thy sins lie down: The garment of salvation take;

Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

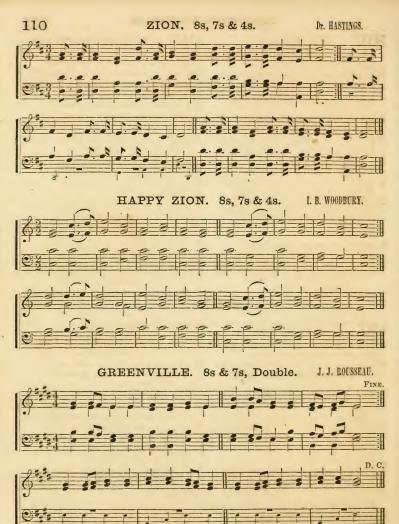
2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight. And hides the promise from thine eyes; Arise, and struggle into light; The great Deliv'rer calls,—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair; Zion, assert thy liberty;

Look up, thy broken heart prepare, And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace, Be purged from every sinful stain; Be like your Lord, his word embrace, Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

C. Wesley.



216 Zion encouraged.

1 On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zion bearing— Zion, long in hostile lands; Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful? 2 Yes, I hasten from you gladly, Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning;

Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee; He himself appears thy Friend; All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end: Great deliverance

Zion's King will surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be redress'd; For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor bless'd;

All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest.

Kelly.

Kelly.

217 Her enemies confounded.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded, Zion, kept by power divine: All her foes shall be confounded, Though the world in arms combine: Happy Zion,-

What a favour'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove; Mothers cease their own to cherish; Heaven and earth at last remove; But no changes

Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can never cease to love thee;

Thou art precious in his sight: God is with thee,—

God, thine everlasting light.

The Missionary's farewell.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well; Friends, connections, happy country!

Can I bid you all farewell? Can I leave you,

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

From the scenes I loved so well-

Far away, ye billows, bear me; Lovely native land, farewell!

Pleased I leave thee, Far in heathen lands to dwell.

3 In the desert let me labor:

On the mountains let me tell How he died—the blessed Saviour To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean: Let the winds my canvass swell-Heaves my heart with warm emotion,

While I go far hence to dwell. Glad I bid thee,

Native land-Farewell-Farewell. S. F. Smith.

219 Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us, each thy love possessing,

Triumph in redeeming grace; O, refresh us.

Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,

For thy gospel's joyful sound: May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;

May thy presence With us evermore be found.

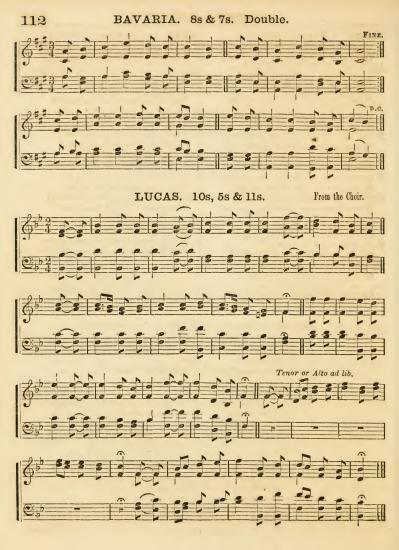
3 So, whene'er the signal's given,

Us from earth to call away, Borne on angels' wings to heaven,

Glad the summons to obey— May we, ready,

Rise and reign in endless day.

Burder.



220 God is in the midst of her.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;

He, whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for his own abode;

On the Rock of ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Still supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove: Who can faint while such a river Ever flows our thirst to' assuage? Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring, See the cloud and fire appear! For a glory and a cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near: He who gives us daily manna, He who listens when we cry, Let him hear the loud Hosanna Rising to his throne on high.

Eccl., chap. xi, verse 1. 221

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters; Thinking not 'tis thrown away; God himself saith thou shalt gather

It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters; Wildly though the billows roll,

They but aid thee as thou toilest

Truth to spread from pole to pole. 3 As the seed, by billows floated,

To some distant island lone,

So to human souls benighted, That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters; Why wilt thou still doubting stand? Bounteous shall God send the harvest,

If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

5 Give then freely of thy substance— O'er this cause the Lord doth reign; Cast thy bread, and toil with patience, Thou shalt labor not in vain. Unknown.

Doxology.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven, Praise the Son, the Spirit praise, As it was, and is, be given, Glory through eternal days.

Newton. 222 Renewed fidelity and zeal. TUNE-LUCAS.

1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year,

And never stand still till the Master appear. His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,

And our talents improve,

By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay. The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;

The millennial year Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,-I have fought my way through;

I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do. O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,-

Well and faithfully done! Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

C. Wesley.



DENNIS. S. M. Arranged from H. G. NAGELL.



223 The joyful sound.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill,—
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,— So sweet the tidings are; Zion, behold thy Saviour King; He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear the joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light;
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad:
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God. Watts.

224 Delight in ordinances.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise: Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place, Where thou, my God, art seen, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting l liss.

 Watts.

225 Sow beside all waters.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand;
- To doubt and fear give thou no heed,— Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,— The late or early sown;
- Grace keeps the precious germ alive, When and wherever strown:
- 3 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.

Montgomery.

226 Love for Zion.

- 1 I Love thy kingdom, Lord,— The house of thine abode,— The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

Dwight.



WEBB. 7s & 6s. 6. J. WEBB.

227 The cry of the heathen.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an aucient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men benighted The lamp of life deny? Salvation!—O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Heber.

228 The morning cometh.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,

A nation in a day.

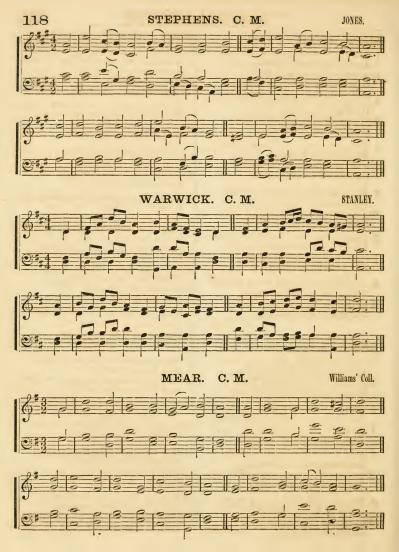
4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"
S. F. Smith.

229 The universal anthem.

1 When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along? When hill and valley, ringing With one triumphant song, Proclaim the contest ended, And Him who once was slain, Again to earth descended, In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

Pratt's Coll.



230 Renewing the covenant.

- 1 Come, let us use the grace divine, And all, with one accord, In a perpetual cov'nant join Ourselves to Christ the Lord;—
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power, His Name to glorify;

And promise, in this sacred hour, For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;

We will no more our God forsake, Or cast his words behind.

- 4 We never will throw off his fear, Who hears our solemn vow; And if thou art well pleased to hear, Come down, and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Let all our hearts receive; Present with the celestial host, The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply, Which takes our sins away; And register our names on high.

And register our names on high, And keep us to that day.

C. Wesley.

231 The type of everlasting rest.

- 1 Come, let us join with one accord In hymns around the throne; This is the day our rising Lord Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
 The brightest of the seven,
 Type of that everlasting rest

Type of that everlasting rest The saints enjoy in heaven.

- 3 Then let us in his name sing on, And hasten to that day When our Redeemer shall come down, And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below, Let us in hymns employ; And, in our Lord rejoicing, go

To his eternal joy. C. Wesley.

232 - For ye have the poor always with you.

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went, By lane and cell obscure,

And let our treasure still be spent, Like his, upon the poor.

- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress, Who bore the world's sad weight, We, in their gloomy loneliness, Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side In this wide world of ill;

And that thy followers may be tried, The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make; Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,

If given for the Saviour's sake, They lose not their reward. Croswell

233 The minister's only business.

1 JESUS, the Name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky; Angels and men before it fall, And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,— The Name to sinners given;

It scatters all their guilty fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks, And bruises Satan's head; Power into strengthless souls he speaks, And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,

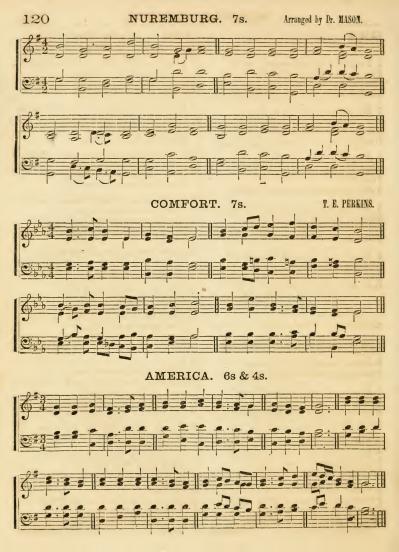
The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,—
His saving truth proclaim:

'Tis all my business here below, To cry,—Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;

Preach him to all, and cry in death, Behold, behold the Lamb! C. Wesley.



234 Lord, thou hast been favorable unto 236 thy land.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days! Bounteous source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ!

2 For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield, For the joy which harvests bring, Grateful praises now we sing.

3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews; Suns that genial heat diffuse; Flocks that whiten all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;

4 All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her overflowing stores;

5 These, great God, to thee we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow; And, for these, our souls shall raise Grateful vows, and solemn praise. Mrs. Barbauld.

235 Thanksgiving.

1 Swell the anthem, raise the song, Praises to our God belong; Saints and angels join to sing Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand Flow around this happy land: Kept by him, no foes annoy; Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway, May we cheerfully obey,— Never feel oppression's rod,— Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.
Unknown.

National hymn.

1 My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side

Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee— Land of the noble, free— Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills

Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,

And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of liberty,

To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

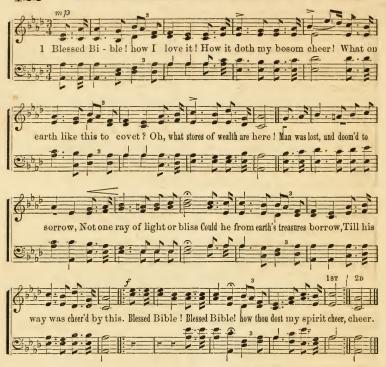
S. F. Smith.

237 God save the State.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise To God, above the skies; On him we wait: Thou who art ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To thee aloud we cry, God save the State!

J. S. Dwight.



238 Thy word have I hidden in my heart.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee; Precious word, I'll hide thee here, Sure my very heart will bless thee,

For thou ever say'st "good cheer!" Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pondrings, Tell how far thy rovings led,

When this book brought back thy wandrings, Speaking life as from the dead.

Blessed bible!
Blessed bible!

How thou dost my spirit cheer.

3 Yes, sweet bible! I will hide thee Deep—yes, deeper in this heart; Thou through all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part.

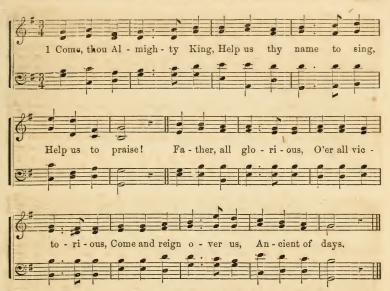
Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;

Then in worlds above, forever Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

Blessed bible!
Blessed bible!

How thou dost my spirit cheer.

Mrs. Phebe Palmer.



239 Lord, hear our call!

2 God of the right, arise! Scatter our enemies; Now make them fall! Let thine almighty aid Our sure defense be made, Our souls on thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou eternal word, Gird on thy mighty sword;

Our prayer attend! Come, and thy people bless; Come, give thy word success; Spirit of holiness

On us descend!

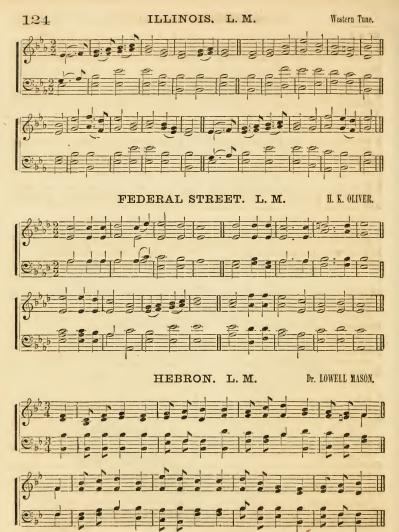
240 The joyful day.

1 Roll on, thou joyful day, When tyranny's proud sway, Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurl'd,
And freedom's flag, unfurl'd,
Shall wave throughout the world
O'er every slave.

2 Trump of glad jubilee, Echo o'er land and sea, Freedom for all; Let the glad tidings fly, And every tribe reply, Glory to God on high, At slavery's fall.

3 Free, too, the captive mind
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night;
The Saviour's reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send
With freedom's light.

Duncan.



241 The bliss of assurance.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin; Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea. Their minds have heaven and peace within.

Made up of innocence and love; And soft, and silent as the shades, Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on, But fly not half so swift away : Their souls are ever bright as noon, And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills, Where groves of living pleasure grow; And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles, Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys, 5 Do thou assist a feeble worm But spend the day, and share the night, In numb'ring o'er the richer joys That heaven prepares for their delight. And on that grace I dare depend. Watts.

242 The end of that man is peace.

When sinks a weary soul to rest! How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,-A calm which life nor death destroys; And naught disturbs that peace profound Though grief may bide an evening guest, Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell! How bright the' unchanging morn appears! Though with a pierced and broken heart, Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,—5 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day, Light from its load the spirit flies, While heaven and earth combine to say,-How blest the righteous when he dies! Barbauld.

243 The vow sealed at the cross.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place Among the children of thy grace; A wretched sinner, lost to God, But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

> 3 Thine would I live—thine would I die; Be thine through all eternity; The vow is past beyond repeal, And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilty soul for God,— Thee, my new Master, now I call, And consecrate to thee my all.

The great engagement to perform; Thy grace can full assistance lend, Davies.

244 A blessing for those who mourn.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies! 1 Deem not that they are blest alone Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep; For God, who pities man, has shown A blessing for the eyes that weep.

> 2 The light of smiles shall fill again The lids that overflow with tears; And weary hours of woe and pain, Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest, For every dark and troubled night; Yet joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart, Though life its common gifts deny,-And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

And number'd every secret tear; And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay For all his children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.



245 The whole armour of God.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise, And put your armour on, Strong in the strength which God supplies

Through his eternal Son; 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,

And in his mighty power, Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might, With all his strength endued;

But take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God; 4 That having all things done,

And all your conflicts past, Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone, And stand entire at last.

5 Leave no unguarded place,— No weakness of the soul; Take every virtue, every grace, And fortify the whole:

6 Indissolubly join'd, To battle all proceed;

But arm yourselves with all the mind That was in Christ your Head.

C. Wesley.

Let me die the death of the 246 righteous.

1 O FOR the death of those Who slumber in the Lord!

O be like theirs my last repose, Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground, In silent hope, may lie, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransom'd spirits soar, On wings of faith and love,

To meet the Saviour they adore, And reign with him above.

4 O for the death of those Who slumber in the Lord! O be like theirs my last repose,

Like theirs my last reward. Church Psalmody. 247 Sympathy and mutual love.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne. We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,-Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part, it gives us inward pain; But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives Our courage by the way ; While each in expectation lives, And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign

Through all eternity. Fawcett.

248 Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him.

1 What cheering words are these; Their sweetness who can tell? In time, and to eternal days, "'Tis with the righteous well."

2 In every state secure, Kept as Jehovah's eye, 'Tis well with them while life endures, And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise; 'Tis well when sorrows flow; 'Tis well when darkness vails the skies, And strong temptations grow.

4 'Tis well when Jesus calls: " From earth and sin arise, To join the hosts of ransomed souls, Made to salvation wise!"



249 We wept, when we remembered Zion.

- 1 WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, We wept with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps that, when with joy we sung, When faith, endued from heaven with power, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With silent strings neglected hung On willow trees that withered there.
- 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skillful hands? Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 4 O Salem! our once happy seat, When I of thee forgetful prove, Let then my trembling hand forget The tuneful strings with art to move. Tate & Brady.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right To every service I can pay, And call it my supreme delight To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,-Its sure support, its noblest end? 'Tis my delight thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy, Or to increase my worldly good; Nor future days nor powers employ To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,-To him who for my ransom died; Nor could all worldly honour give Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless, When youthful vigour is no more; And my last hour of life confess His saving love, his glorious power. Doddridge.

251 The Christian's parting hour.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and serene,

And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour; So peacefully he sinks to rest;

Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye, That smile upon his wasted cheek;

They tell us of his glory nigh, In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer The pilgrim on his gloomy road;

And angels are attending near, To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless? To sink into that soft repose,

Then wake to perfect happiness? Bathurst.

250 Living to serve the cause of Christ. 252 Earthly things vain and transitory.

1 How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss! How slender all the fondest ties

That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew, The with'ring grass, the fading flower, Of earthly hopes are emblems true-

The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is vain, There is a brighter world on high,

Beyond the reach of care and pain. 4 Then let the hope of joys to come

Dispel our cares, and chase our fears: If God be ours, we're trav'ling home, Though passing through a vale of tears.

Pratt's Coll.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The dying saint. 253

1 O, sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die, Sing songs of holy ecstacy, To waft my soul on high.

Chorus.

||:There'll be no sorrow there;:|| In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

- 2 When the last moment comes, O, watch my dying face, To catch the bright seraphic gleam, Which o'er my features plays.
- 3 Then to my raptured soul, Let one sweet song be given, Let music cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.
- 4 Then round my senseless clay, Assemble those I love, And sing of heaven, delightful heaven, My glorious home above. Unknown.

254 He ruleth all things well

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be undismay'd; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; 256 Whoso believeth in me shall never God shall lift up thy head;

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms, 1 IT is not death to die-He gently clears thy way; Wait thou his time, so shall this night Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart? Still sink thy spirits down? Cast off the weight,-let fear depart, And every care be gone.

- 4 What though thou rulest not; Yet heaven, and earth, and hell, Proclaim, -God sitteth on the throne, And ruleth all things well.
- 5 Leave to his sov'reign sway To choose and to command: So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way, How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought His counsel shall appear, When fully he the work hath wrought That caused thy needless fear. J. Wesley.

255 The goodly land.

1 FAR from these scenes of night, Unbounded glories rise, And realms of joy and pure delight, Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes But half its charms explore, How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,-Realms ever bright and fair; For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love, Till wings of faith, and strong desire, Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine For thy bright courts on high, Lord, bid our spirits rise and join The chorus of the sky. Steele.

To leave this weary road, And, 'mid the brotherhood on high, To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears, And wake, in glorious repose To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling Aside this sinful dust,

And rise, on strong, exulting wing, To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life! Thy chosen can not die; Like thee, they conquer in the strife, To reign with thee on high.

Bethune.



257 The highway of holiness.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,— He, whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,-The road that leads from banishment .--The King's highway of holiness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief a burden long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more; Till late I heard my Saviour say,-Come hither, soul, I am the way.
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb, 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King, Shall take me to thee, as I am: Nothing but sin have I to give,-Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found; I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, -Behold the way to God.

Carrick.

258 Christ's presence makes death easy. 260

- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our approaching souls away; And we shrink back again to life, Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O would my Lord his servant meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless through death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there. Watts.

259 Thirsting for the fulness of love. 1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood; To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be Forever closed to all but thee: Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love forever there.
 - 3 How blest are they who still abide Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side! Who thence their life and strength derive. And by thee move, and in thee live.
 - 4 What are our works but sin and death, Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe? Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move; O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- That thou shouldst us to glory bring ; Make slaves the partners of thy throne, Deck'd with a never fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow Our words are lost, nor will we know, Nor will we think of aught beside,-My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

J. Wesley.

Church union.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds In sweet communion kindred minds: How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

- 2 To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love, what holy fear, How does the generous flame within Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and human woe! Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire, When dimly burns frail nature's fire Then shall they meet in realms above-A heaven of joy-a heaven of love.

Barbauld.



261 Asleep in Jesus.

- 1 ASLEFF in Jesus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing, That death hath lost its venomed sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high. Mrs. Mackey.

262 No peace but in the favour of God.

- 1 O WHERE is now that glowing love
 That mark'd our union with the Lord?
 Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
 Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then To make our Saviour's glory known? That freed us from the fear of men, And kept our eye on him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons, spent In fellowship with him we loved? The sacred joy, the sweet content, The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
 O, cast us not away, though vile:
 No peace we have, no joy we see,
 O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

 Kelly.

263 God, our refuge.

1 He who hath made his refuge, God, Shall find a most secure abode; Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head.

- 2 Now may we say, our God, thy power Shall be our fortress and our tower! We, that are formed of feeble dust, Make thine almighty arm our trust.
- 3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care Shall keep thee from the tempter's snare; God is thy life—his arms are spread, To shield thee with a healthful shade.

 Unknown.

 Unknown.

264 They are not lost, but gone before.

- 1 DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep.
 And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
 Oh, why should we in anguish weep?—
 They are not lost, but gone before.
- 2 Secure from every mortal care, By sin and sorrow vexed no more, Eternal happiness they share Who are not lost, but gone before.
- 3 To Zion's peaceful courts above In faith triumphant may we soar, Embracing, in the arms of love, The friends not lost, but gone before.
- 4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come, And hear the swelling waters roar; Jesus! convey us safely home, To friends not lost, but gone before. Unknown.

What sinners value, I resign. 1 What sinners value, I resign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.

- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show; But that bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere: When shall I wake and find me there?
- 3 Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode! I shall be near and like my God! And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst the chains with glad surprise, And in my \$30000's image rise. Watts.



266 The former things are passed away.

- 1 The people of the Lord
 Are on their way to heaven;
 There they obtain their great reward,
 The prize will there be given.
- 2 'Tis conflict here below;
 'Tis triumph there, and peace:
 On earth we wrestle with the foe;
 In heaven our conflicts cease.
- 3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
 'Tis light and joy above:
 There all is pure, and all is clear;
 There all is peace and love.
- 4 There rest shall follow toil,
 And ease succeed to care:
 The victors there divide the spoil;
 They sing and triumph there.
- 5 Then, let us joyful sing!
 The conflict is not long:
 We hope in heaven to praise our King
 In one eternal song.

Unknown.

267 There remaineth therefore a rest.

- 1 And is there, Lord, a rest For weary souls designed, Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sorrow entrance find?
- 2 Is there a blissful home,
 Where kindred minds shall meet,
 And live, and love, nor ever roam
 From that serene retreat?
- 3 Are there bright happy fields,
 Where nought that blooms shall die;
 Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
 And healthful breezes sigh?
- 4 Are there celestial streams,
 Where living waters glide,
 With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
 And flowery banks beside?

- 5 Forever blessed they,
 Whose joyful feet shall stand,
 While endless ages waste away,
 Amid that glorious land!
- 6 My soul would thither tend, While toilsome years are given; Then let me, gracious God, ascend To sweet repose in heaven!

Watts.

268 Sweet communion.

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

Watts.

269 Perseverance.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor lay thine armour down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

Heath.



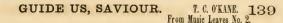


270 Battling for the Lord.

- 2 Under our captain, Jesus Christ, Battling for the Lord!
- We 've listed for this mortal life, Battling for the Lord!
- 3 We'll fight against the powers of sin, Battling for the Lord!
- In favor of our heavenly king, Battling for the Lord!

- 4 And when our warfare here is o'er. Battling for the Lord!
- This strife we'll leave, and war no more, Battling for the Lord!
- 5 Our friends and kindred there we'll meet, On the heavenly shore!
- And ground our arms at Jesus' feet, On the heavenly shore!

P. Phillips.





271 He will guide you into all truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness; Be our wisdom and our guide;

May we walk in love and meekness, Nearer to our Saviour's side. Naught can harm us,

Naught can harm us, Naught can harm us, While we thus in thee abide.

3 May thy watchful angels hover Round us, when there's evil near; May we hide beneath the cover Of thy wings, in time of fear:

And in sorrow,

And in sorrow,

Comfort our sad hearts, and cheer.

4 And when death at last o'ertakes us, And we sink beneath his might, May that blessed morn awake us,

Safe in yonder realms of light; There forever,

There forever,

Chant thy praise with angels bright.



272 The Christian race.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears; Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake, and run the heavenly race,

And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God,

Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee the overflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a full supply; While those who trust their native strength 1 How oft this wretched hearts

Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to thine abode; On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amid the heavenly road. Watts.

273 The march.

I STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless joy,

Where Jesus, thy great Captain's, gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,

And sung the triumph when he rose. 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,-Press forward to the heavenly gate; Their peace and joy eternal reign,

And glittering robes for conquerors wait. 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,

And triumph in almighty grace; While all the armies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Watts.

274 Our fathers; where are they?

1 How swift the torrent rolls That bears us to the sea;

The tide that hurries thoughtless souls To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they, With all they call'd their own? Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares, Come, holy city of the Lamb! And wealth and honour, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear, Thou everlasting Friend!

While we, as on life's utmost verge, Our souls to thee commend,

4 Of all the pious dead

May we the footsteps trace, Till with them, in the land of light, We dwell before thy face.

Doddridge.

275 The wanderer returning.

Has wander'd from the Lord;

How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet mercy calls,—return ; Saviour, to thee I come:

My vile ingratitude I mourn; O take the wand'rer home!

3 Thy love, so free, so sweet,

Blest Saviour, I adore; O, keep me at thy sacred feet,

And let me rove no more. Steele.

276 Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm. TUNE-MANOAH.

1 These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crowned;

These are the palms that we shall bear On yonder holy ground.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white, Which we shall then put on,

When, foremost 'mong the sons of light, We sit on yonder throne.

3 That is the city of the saints,

Where we so soon shall stand, When we shall strike these desert-tents,

And quit this desert-land. 4 Then welcome toil and care and pain!

And welcome sorrow too! All toil is rest, all grief is gain,

With such a prize in view,

5 Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm; Burst forth, glad stream of peace!

Rise, Sun of rightcousness! Bona,



276 Entire purification.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side ; This all my hope, and all my plea,-For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ever with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own; 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone,-My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The' atonement of thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve; Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.

C. Wesley.

Cowper.

277 Lamenting the absence of the Spirit

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,-A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest:
- I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be. Help me to tear it from thy throne. And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God. Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

278 Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.

- 1 Let Him to whom we now belong, His sov'reign right assert; And take up every thankful song, And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own, Who bought us with a price: The Christian lives to Christ alone; To Christ alone he dies.
- Fulfil our heart's desire; And let us to thy glory live, And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign: With joy we render thee Our all,-no longer ours, but thine To all eternity. C. Wesley,

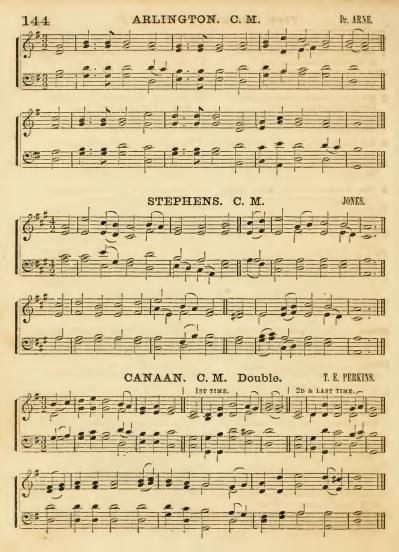
279 Certainty of the resurrection dispels the gloom of the grave.

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,

To call them to his arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb? There once the flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest. And soften'd every bed :
- Where should the dying members rest, But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high, And show'd our feet the way:
- Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise :-Awake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Watts.



280 Faith sees the final triumph.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,— A foll'wer of the Lamb,— And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease; While other's fought to win the prize,

And sail'd through bloody seas?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,

Supported by thy word. 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war

Shall conquer, though they die: They see the triumph from afar,-By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine In robes of vict'ry through the skies, The glory shall be thine.

281 The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flowers : Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise, Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, For he that in thy statutes treads, Should fright us from the shore.

282 And so fulfil the law of Christ.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground Of every sinful heart:

Whate'er of sin in us is found, O bid it all depart.

- 2 If to the right or left we stray, Leave us not comfortless; But guide our feet into the way
- Of everlasting peace. 3 Help us to help each other, Lord, Each other's cross to bear: Let each his friendly aid afford, And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up; Our little stock improve;

Increase our faith, confirm our hope, And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head, Let us in all things grow, Till thou hast made us free indeed, And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought, Receive thy ready bride:

Give us in heaven a happy lot With all the sanctified. C. Wesley.

283 The kingdoms are but one.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd, And saved by grace alone; Walking in all his ways, they find Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love, Their mighty joys we know: They sing the Lamb in hymns above, And we in hymns below.

And bow before thy throne; We in the kingdom of thy grace: The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads, And thence our spirits rise; Shall meet thee in the skies. C. Wesley.

10

Watts.



MELODY. C. M.



AVON. C. M.

Scottish.



284 Mourning departed joys.

- 1 Swelt was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd, His praises tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades prevail'd, His love was all my song.
- And saw his glory shine; And when I read his holy word, I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails, My soul in darkness mourns; And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;

O make my soul thy care; I know thy mercy cannot fail ;-Let me that mercy share. Newton.

Longing to be dissolved in love. 285

- 1 JESUS hath died that I might live, Might live to God alone; In him eternal life receive,
- And be in spirit one. 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace, The gift unspeakable;

And wait with arms of faith to' embrace, And all thy love to feel.

- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire, The perfect bliss to prove; My longing heart is all on fire To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself; from every boast, From every wish set free; Let all I am in thee be lost,

But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice, Unless thyself be given ; Thy presence makes my paradise, And where thou art is heaven.

C. Wesley.

286 Triumphant joy.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,

The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights :-

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear, My dawning is begun;

Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, 3 The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss,

If Jesus shows his mercy mine, And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay At that transporting word, Run up with joy the shining way,

To see and praise my Lord. 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death, I'd break through every foe;

The wings of love and arms of faith Would bear me conqu'ror through.

Vanity of earthly enjoyments. 287

1 How vain are all things here below; How false, and yet how fair ! Each pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky Give but a flatt'ring light;

We should suspect some danger nigh, Where we possess delight.

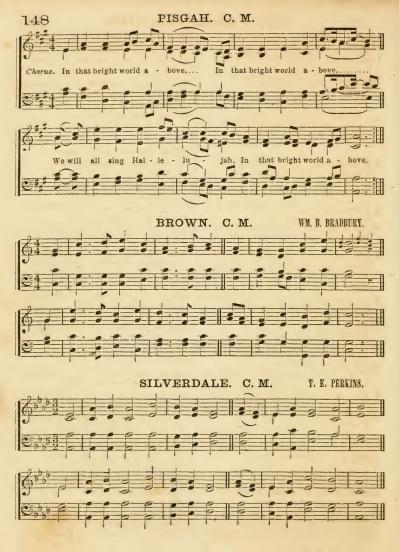
3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends, The partners of our blood, How they divide our wav'ring minds,

And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love, How strong it strikes the sense; Thither the warm affections move, Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be My soul's eternal food; And grace command my heart away From all created good.

Pratt's Coll.



288 The promised land.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

Chorus.

In that bright world above; In that bright world above; And we'll all sing hallelujah, In that bright world above.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields array'd in living green, And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail, On trees immortal grow;

There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale, With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day;

There God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath, 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul, Can reach that healthful shore; Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest? When shall I see my Father's face,

And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay : Though Jordan's waves around me roll,

Fearless I'd launch away.

Stennett.

289 The believer's rest.

Cast out by perfect love.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains To all thy people known;

A rest where pure enjoyment reigns, And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire Is fix'd on things above; Where fear, and sin, and grief expire, 3 O that I now the rest might know, Believe, and enter in:

Now, Saviour, now the power bestow, And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart, This unbelief remove:

To me the rest of faith impart,-The Sabbath of thy love.

C. Wesley.

290 Heavenly rest in anticipation.

1 When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd,

Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall,-

So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.

In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll

Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.

291 Death, gain to the faithful.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow When God recalls his own, And bids them leave a world of woe, For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those Whose life to God was given? Gladly to earth their eyes they close,

To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are fully blest;

They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,

And enter'd into rest. 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;

God has recall'd his own; But let our hearts, in every woe, Still say,—Thy will be done.

Conder's Coll.



292 The full assurance of hope.

1 How happy every child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven! This earth, he cries, is not my place; I seek my place in heaven:

Chorus.

Oh! heaven, dear heaven, sweet land of rest, When shall my soul be there, To dwell forever with the blest, Eternal joys to share.

2 A country far from mortal sight, Yet, O, by faith I see; The land of rest, the saints' delight,-The heaven prepared for me.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay, We more than taste the heavenly powers, Chasing all our fears, and cheering And ante-date that day:

4 We feel the resurrection near,— Our life in Christ conceal'd,— And with his glorious presence here Our earthen vessels fill'd.

5 O would he more of heaven bestow! And when the vessels break, Let our triumphant spirits go To grasp the God we seek;

6 In rapturous awe on him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me; And shout and wonder at his grace To all eternity. C. Wesley.

293 Gentleness to the erring.

1 THINK gently of the erring one! O, let us not forget, However darkly stained by sin, He is our brother yet!

2 Heir of the same inheritance, Child of the self-same God, He hath but stumbled in the path We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones! We yet may lead them back, With holy words, and tones of love, From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned, And sinful yet may'st be;

Deal gently with the erring heart, As God has dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

294 The true light TUNE-BARTIMEUS.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and, by thyself revealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator In our deepest darkness rise; Scatt'ring all the night of nature,-

Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing; Life and joy thy beams impart, Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor To our ruin d, guilty race; Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour; Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit, Every burden'd soul release; By the teachings of thy Spirit, Guide us into perfect peace. C. Wesley.

295 Remember not against us former iniquities.

TUNE-BARTIMEUS.

1 Dread Jehovah! God of nations! From thy temple in the skies, Hear thy people's supplications; Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins our hearts confounding, Long and loud for vengeance call, Thou hast mercy more abounding Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love vail our transgression; Let that blood our guilt efface:

Save thy people from oppression; Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning, Humbly at thy feet we bend; Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,

Hear us, spare us, and defend! Cang. Coll.



296 Fellowship of love.

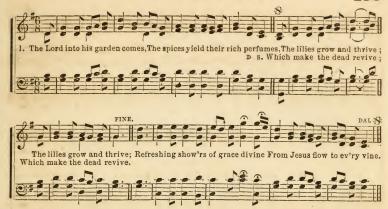
2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free From earthly grief and pain,

In heaven we shall each other see
And never part again.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c,

3 Then let us each, in strength divine, Still walk in wisdom's ways, That we with those we love may join In never-ending praise.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

Unknown.



297 The gracious visit.

1 THE Lord into his garden comes, The spices yield their rich perfumes, The lilies grow and thrive; Refreshing showers of grace divine From Jesus flow to every vine, Which make the dead revive.

2 O, that this dry and barren ground In springs of water may abound, A fruitful soil become : The desert blossoms as the rose, While Jesus conquers all his focs, And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on, The gracious work is now begun, My soul a witness is : I taste and see the pardon free For all mankind as well as me, Who come to Christ may live.

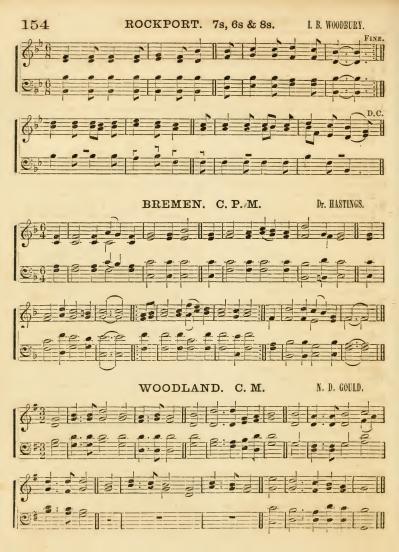
And taste the sweetness of his word, In Jesus' ways go on : Our troubles and our trials here, Will only make us richer there, When we arrive at home.

5 We feel that heav'n is now begun, It issues from the sparkling throne, From Jesus' throne on high : It comes in floods we can't contain, We drink, and drink, and drink again, And yet we still are dry.

6 But when we come to dwell above, And all surround the throne of love, We'll drink a full supply; Jesus will lead his armies through, To living fountains where they flow, That never will run dry.

7 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and sing, And make the upper regions ring, When all the saints get home: Come on, come on, my brethren dear Soon we shall meet together there, For Jesus bids us come.

4 Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord, 8 Amen, Amen, my soul replies, I'm bound to meet you in the skies, And claim my mansion there; Now here's my heart, and here's my hand, To meet you in that heavenly land, Where we shall part no more.



Determined to know nothing but Jesus and him crucified.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu, With all of creature good: Only Jesus I pursue,

Who bought me with his blood:

All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,

And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,

And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;

Only Jesus will I know, And Jesus crucified.

C. Wesley.

The glorious hope.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope, I stand, and from the mountain top See all the land below: Rivers of milk and honey rise, And all the fruits of paradise In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil, Favour'd with God's peculiar smile, With every blessing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteousness, And keeps his own in perfect peace,

And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness. C. Wesley.

The land of rest.

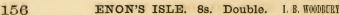
1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given; There is a joy for soul's distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast,— 'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rave divine disperse the gloom.

There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the confines of the tomb Appears the dawn of heaven. Tappa





DE FLEURY. 8s. Double.



Newton.

301 And to be with Christ, which is far 3 Content with beholding his face, better.

1 O when shall we sweetly remove, O when shall we enter our rest,-Return to the Zion above,

The mother of spirits distress'd;-That city of God the great King, Where sorrow and death are no more,

Where saints our Immanuel sing, And cherub and seraph adore?

2 But angels themselves cannot tell The joys of that holiest place, Where Jesus is pleased to reveal The light of his heavenly face : When, caught in the rapturous flame, The sight beatific they prove; And walk in the light of the Lamb, Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer We long thy appearing to see, Resign'd to the burden we bear, But longing to triumph with thee: 'Tis good at thy word to be here; 'Tis better in thee to be gone,

And see thee in glory appear, And rise to a share in thy throne. C. Wesley.

302 All-sufficiency of Jesus.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;-The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in Him,

2 His Name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice; His presence disperses my gloom,

December's as pleasant as May.

And makes all within me rejoice; I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal so happy as I,-

My summer would last all the year.

My all to his pleasure resign'd, No changes of season or place

Would make any change in my mind: While blest with a sense of his love,

A palace a toy would appear; And prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song, Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long? O drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheering presence restore; Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.

303 Having a desire to depart.

1 I Long to behold Him array'd With glory and light from above; The King in his beauty display'd,— His beauty of holiest love: I languish and sigh to be there,

Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode; O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand, For Jesus hath spoken the word; The breadth of Immanuel's land Survey by the light of my Lord: But when, on thy bosom reclined, Thy face I am strengthen'd to see, My fulness of rapture I find,— My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell Secure in the city above! No pain the inhabitants feel, No sickness or sorrow shall prove. Physician of souls, unto me

Forgiveness and holiness give ; And then from the body set free, And then to the city receive.

C. Wesley.



30-1 The mind that was in Christ.

1 Jesus, plant and root in me All the mind that was in thee; Settled peace I then shall find; Jesus' is a quiet mind.

- 2 Anger I no more shall feel,—Always even, always still; Meekly on my God reclined; Jesus' is a gentle mind.
- 3 I shall suffer and fulfil All my Father's gracious will; Be in all alike resign'd; Jesus' is a patient mind.
- 4 When 'tis deeply rooted here, Perfect love shall cast out fear; Fear doth servile spirits bind; Jesus' is a noble mind.
- 5 I shall nothing know beside Jesus, and him crucified: Perfectly to him be join'd; Jesus' is a loving mind.
- 6 I shall triumph evermore; Gratefully my God adore; God so good, so true, so kind; Jesus' is a thankful mind.
- 7 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure, I shall to the end endure; Be no more to sin inclined; Jesus' is a constant mind.
- 8 I shall fully be restored
 To the image of my Lord;
 Witnessing to all mankind,
 Jesus' is a perfect mind.
 C. Wesley.

305 What religion gives.

1 'TIs religion that can give Sweetest pleasure while we live; 'TIs religion must supply Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be Lasting as eternity; Be the living God our friend, Then our bliss shall never end.

Masters.

306 For to me to live is Christ.

1 Christ, of all my hopes the Ground, Christ, the Spring of all my joy, Still in thee let me be found, Still for thee my powers employ.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace, Freely from thy fullness give; Till I close my earthly race, Be it "Christ for me to live."
- 3 When I touch the blessed shore, Back the closing waves shall roll; Death's dark stream shall never more Part from thee my ravished soul.
- 4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky!
 Having known it "Christ to live,"
 Let me know it "gain to die."

 Windham.

307 Of one heart and of one mind.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;

Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,— Courteous, pitiful, and kind; Lowly, meek, in thought and word,— Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care; Each the other's burden bear: To thy Church the pattern give; Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride, Let us thus in God abide; All the depths of love express,— All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove To the family above; On the wings of angels fly; Show how true believers die.

C. Wesley.



Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home;

Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home.

Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be overpast;

I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.

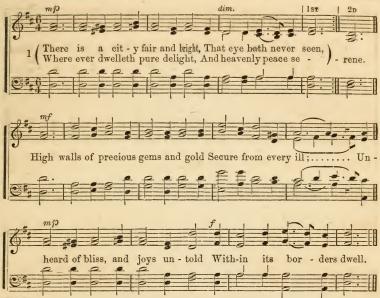
3 There at my Saviour's side Heaven is my home;

I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home.

There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best,

There too, I soon shall rest, Heaven is my home.





310

2 There living waters ceaseless flow From out the heavenly throne; There fairest fruits perennial grow,

And want is never known. Nor sun by day nor moon by night

This heavenly city needs; But glory sheds a crystal light That never wanes nor fades. 3 Nor sin nor sorrow cometh there, Nor ever death nor pain,

In love abiding, free from care, There saints forever reign.

Among the many mansions there,

O is there one for me?

Dear Lord, an humble place prepare, That I may dwell with thee.

Remainder of Hymn 309, from opposite page.

2 Here are afflictions and trials severe, Here is no rest, here is no rest!

Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest!

Sweet is the promise I read in his word: Blessed are those who have died in the Lord; They have been called to receive their reward,

There, there is rest; there is rest!

3 This world of care is a wilderness state, Here is no rest, here is no rest!

Here must I bear from the world all its hate, Yet I am blest, I am blest!

Soon shall I be from the wicked released, Soon shall the weary forever be blest, Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast,

There, there is rest; there is rest!

TALMAR. 8s & 7s. I. B. WOODBURY. Description: Descripti

311 Joy of the young convert.

1 O now happy are they, Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above; Tongue can never express

The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine, When the favour divine I received through the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, What a joy I received,-

What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below My Redeemer to know, And the angels could do nothing more, Than to fall at his feet, And the story repeat, And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song: O that all his salvation might see; He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffer'd and died, To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height Of that holy delight Which I felt in the life-giving blood; Of my Saviour possess'd, I was perfectly blest, As if fill'd with the fullness of God. C. Wesley.

312 The union of saints.

1 From whence doth this union arise, That hatred is conquered by love?

It fastens our souls in such ties As distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found, Nor yet in a Paradise lost; It grows on Immanuel's ground, And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me, Our hearts all united in love; Where Jesus is gone we shall be, In yonder blest mansions above. 4 O, when shall we see that bright day, And join with the angels above, Set free from these prisons of clay,

United in Jesus' love?

5 With Jesus we ever shall reign, And all his bright glories shall see, Singing, hallelujah! amen! Amen! even so let it be. Baldwin.

313 Christ with us.

TUNE-TALMAR

1 ALWAYS with us, always with us— Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness, Sowing much and reaping none;

Telling us that in the future Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping O'er our pathway dark and drear;

Waking hope within our bosoms, Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley, When we cross the chilling stream; Lighting up the steps to glory, With salvation's radiant beam.

Bonar.

314 God is love.

TUNE-TALMAR.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens, God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays, and ages move;

But his mercy waneth never; God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will his changeless goodness prove; From the gloom his brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above: Everywhere his glory shineth;

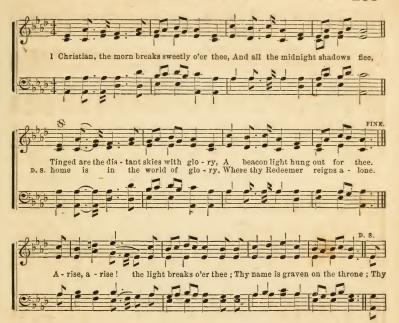
God is wisdom, God is love.





315 Rest for the weary.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that celestial centre, I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed, Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory; Shout your triumph as you go; Zion's gate will open for you, You shall find an entrance through.



316

Arise, arise!

- 2 Tossed on the dark, proud waves of ocean, Calmly composed, undaunted be; 'Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion, Thy God doth still remember thee. Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee, &c.
- 3 Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
 And the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er,
 List! to the heavenly hosts now cheering;
 See! in what throngs they range the shore.
 Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee, &c.
- 4 Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee,
 Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;
 The starry crown in realms of glory,
 Invites thy happy soul away.
 Away, away! leave all for glory, &c.



317

The Lord will provide.

- 1 Though troubles assail, and dangers affright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The promise assures us,—The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread: His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied, So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.
- 3 When Satan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith; He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried) The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.
- 4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain; The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have tried, This answers all questions,-The Lord will provide.
- 5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim: Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' Name; In this our strong tower for safety we hide; The Lord is our power,-The Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view, The word of his grace shall comfort us through: Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side, We hope to die shouting,-The Lord will provide.

Newton.

318 Rest in heaven.

1 How often I am weary, How often sad and dreary, What then but this could cheer me, I soon shall rest at home.

Chorus.

When this poor body lies mould'ring, Mould'ring in the tomb, When soft winds gently sighing O'er its quiet home. When strange sweet flowers in beauty,

In beauty o'er it bloom, I shall rest at home, I shall rest at home. 5 O brother, shall I meet you,

2 What then of tribulation, What then of sore temptation: Be this my consolation, I soon shall rest in heaven.

- 3 Then welcome death and mourning, I see the night approaching, Joy cometh in the morning, The day of rest in heaven.
- 4 There shall my happy spirit Sing of my Saviour's merit, Who brought me to inherit Eternal rest in heaven.
- O sister, shall I greet you, O sinner, shall I see you Among the blest in heaven?







319 A pilgrim and stranger.

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night; Do not detain me, for I am going To where the fountains are ever flowing. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the glory is ever shining; I am longing, I am longing for the sight; Here in this country so dark and dreary, I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

320 The new creation.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;

All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion,—

Pure unbounded love thou art;

Visit us with thy salvation.

Visit us with thy salvation; Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit Into every troubled breast; Let us all in thee inherit; Let us find that second rest. Take away our bent to sinning; Alpha and Omega be;

End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy life receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing,

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley.

321

Abba, Father.

TUNE-CARMARTHEN.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers,

They strongly plead for me:— Forgive him, O forgive, they cry, Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear annointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His spirit answers to the blood

The presence of his Son: His spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:

With confidence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

C. Wesley.



322 The lonely traveler.

2 I'm a weary trav'ler here, I must go on,

For my journey's end is near—I must be gone.

Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away;

Pleasures that forever live—
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land Where all is fair;

Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.

Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glory is for all,

And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Ferewall all I've leved bel

Farewell, all I've loved below— I must be there.

Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign;

Welcome, sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler—call me not— Upward my way;

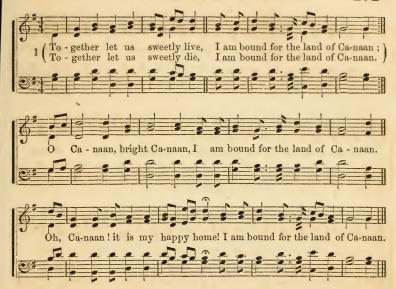
Yonder is my rest and lot;

I cannot stay.

Farewell, earthly pleasures all, Pilgrim I'll roam;

Hail me not—in vain you call—Yonder's my home.

Unknown



323 I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

- 2 If you get there before I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan; Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 3 Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan; And I'm resolved to travel on.

I am bound for the land of Canaan.

- 4 Then come with me, beloved friend, I am bound for the land of Canaan; The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Canaan; While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

324 The Lamb is the light thereof. TUNE-WARE, p. 46.

- 1 THERE, low before his glorious throne, Adoring saints and angels fall; And, with delightful worship, own His smile their bliss, their heaven their all.
- 2 Immortal glories crown his head, While tuneful hallelujahs rise, And love and joy and triumph spread Through all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 3 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their songs To boundless rapture, while they gaze; Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues Resound his everlasting praise.
- 4 There all the followers of the Lamb Shall join at last the heavenly choir: Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme Awake our faith and warm desire!

Mrs. Steele.



325 Seeking for home again.

2 Stranger, on a rocky strand, Longing for thy father-land,

Through the gathering clouds that rise, Veiling thy natal skies,

Look beyond, there's hope for thee, Dawning o'er a tranquil sea, Softly its smiles though distant far,

The beautiful polar star.

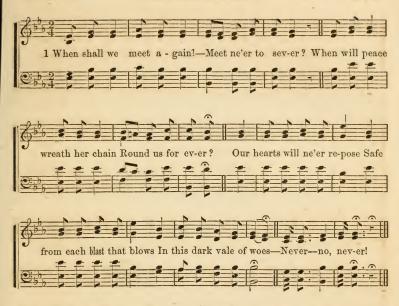
3 Lonely watcher, pale with grief, Thou shalt find a sweet relief,

Though thy tears unheeded fall,

Jesus will count them all; Look beyond, there's joy for thee, Breaking o'er a troubled sea,

Softly it smiles though distant far, The beautiful polar star.

Fanny Croshy.



326 Reunion in heaven.

2 When shall love freely flow Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow Changeless for ever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never—no, never!

327 The pulgrim's song. Tune—Prayer, p, 26.

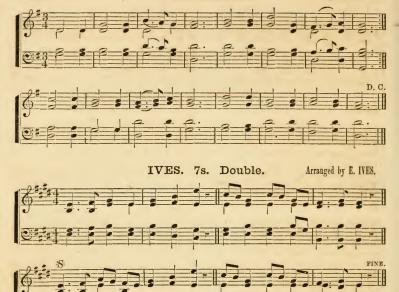
1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of our land; Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us undismay'd go on.

4 Lord! obediently we'll go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.

Cennick,



328 Perfect love dispels all fears.

1 Wно are these in bright array, This exulting, happy throng, Round the altar night and day,

Hymning one triumphant song? Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power, Wisdom, riches to obtain,

New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod; These from great afflictions came; Now, before the throne of God, Sealed with his almighty name:

Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor palms in every hand:

Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand. 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown, On immortal fruits they feed: Then the Lamb, amidst the throne, Shall to living fountains lead:

Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

Montgomery.

329 The Christian's Guide.

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side, Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land. Weary souls for e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice, Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

- 2 Ever present, truest friend, Ever near, thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear. When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er, Whisper softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release, Nothing left but heaven and prayer, Wond'ring if our names are there; Wading deep the dismal flood, Pleading nought but Jesus' blood; Whisper softly, wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll gnide thee home.

M. M. Wells.

330 The Christian soldier encouraged.

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go; Long we shall not dwell below; Soon the joyful news will come; "Child, your Father calls; come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares Lie, to take us unawares; Satan, with malicious art, Watches each unguarded part; But from Satan's malice free, Saints shall soon victorious be; Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your father oalls; come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil our peace;
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your father calls; come home!"

Swain.

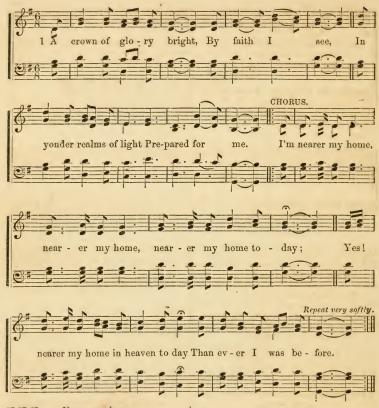
331 The victory of the saints.

1 Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns which never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

2 Kings for harps their crowns resign, Crying, as they strike the chords, "Take the kingdom; it is thine, King of kings and Lord of lords." Round the altar priests confess, With their robes made white as snow, 'Twas their Saviour's righteousness, And his blood, which made them so.

3 Who were these: on earth they dwelt, Sinners once of Adam's race; Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt, But were saved by sovereign grace. They were mortal, too, like us; And when we, like them, shall die, May our souls, translated thus, Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

Montgomery.



332 Nearer my home.

2 O may I faithful prove, And keep the crown in view, And through the storms of life My way pursue.

3 Jesus be thou my guide, My steps attend, O, keep me near thy side, Be thou my friend.

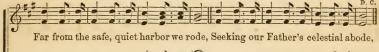
4 Be thou my shield and sun, My Saviour and my guard; And when my work is done, My great reward.

Unknown.



Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound!\
Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound! D.C. Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound!







333 Homeward bound.

We're homeward bound;

Look! vonder lie the bright heavenly shores;

We're homeward bound; Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale, Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,

We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along, We're homeward bound;

Try to persuade them to enter our throng, We're homeward bound.

Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed, Join in our number, O come and be blest; Journey with us to the mansions of rest, We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven we now glide, We're home at last;

Softly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last;

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er; 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars; We stand secure on the glorified shore, Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're at home at last.

Rev. W. F. Warren.

334 Meet again. TUNE-HORTON, p. 102.

1 Meet again when life is o'er, Meet again to part no more; How it cheers the drooping heart, When from friends we're call'd to part.

2 Meet again where endless joy We shall taste without alloy: Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old, Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3 Meet again! how passing sweet, Friends long lost again to meet; Care-worn souls by tempest driven; O how sweet to meet in heaven.

L. S. Hall.



335 The great salvation.

2 Floods of everlasting light! Freely flash before Him; Myriads, with supreme delight, Instantly adore Him; Angel trumps resound His fame;

Lutes of lucid gold proclaim. All the music of His name; Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise From their princely station; Shout His glorious victories, Sing the great salvation; Cast their crowns before His throne, Cry, in reverential tone, Glory be to God alone, Holy! Holy! Holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies Seem, methinks, to seize us; Join we too the holy lays— Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! Sweetest sound in seraph's song, Sweetest note on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung— Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.





336

I would not live alway.

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway; no-welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom: There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise, To hail him in triumph descending the skies,
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God-Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains, And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet; While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. Muhlenburg.

337 TUNE-LOVEST THOU ME. 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word! Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee, "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound, And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound, Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of faith is done; Partner of my throne shalt be: Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

4 Lord, it is my chief complaint That my love is still so faint, Yet I love thee, and adore, O for grace to love thee more!

Cowper.



338

Joyfully onward.

2 FRIENDS, fondly cherished, have passed on before; Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore; Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom, Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear; Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low, Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow; Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb! Joyfully, joyfully will I go home. Bright will the morn of eternity dawn, Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone: Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom, Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Rev. Wm. Hunter.



339 The shining shore.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heavenly home discerning;

Our absent Lord has left us word, Let every lamp be burning. For now we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark, Faint not; much doth yet remain; We need not cease our singing;

Dreary is the long campaign.

That perfect rest naught can molest Where golden harps are ringing. For now we stand, &c.

Let sorrows rudest tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sever,

Speaks their forces overthrown,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Forever! oh, forever!

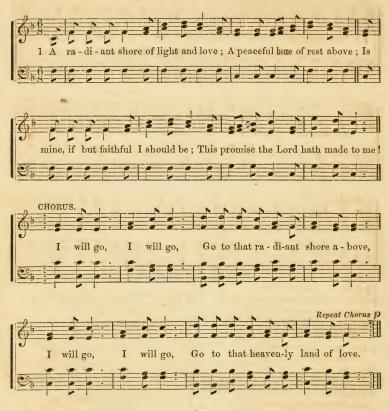
For now we stand, &c.

340 Christian courage.

'I Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not; much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

2 Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield? Will ye quit the battle-field? Fight till all the conflict's o'er, Nor your foes shall rally more. But when loud the trumpet, blown, Speaks their forces overthrown, Christ, your Captain, shall bestow Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.





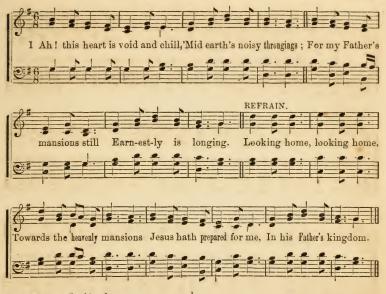
341 Golden promise.

2 A shadowless country, fair and bright, The Lord himself the glorious light,-A garden of beauty, blooming free, A river of life in store for me!

3 A few more seasons of grief and woe; A few more weary days below,

Then if I am faithful I shall see, The mansion prepared in heaven for me!

4 A beautiful garment, white and fair; A brighter crown than angels wear; A palm of victory, mine shall be; This promise the Lord hath made to me! Mrs. M. A. Kidder.



342 Looking home.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heavenly pleasures bringing;

Night will be exchanged for morn, Sighs give place to singing.

3 Oh! to be at home again, All for which we're sighing, From all earthly want and pain To be swiftly flying.

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home! All for which we're sighing, Soon our Lord will bid us come To our Father's kingdom.

343 The pilgrim's guide and guardian.

TUNE-ZION, p. 110.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land: I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar, Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



344 My immortal home

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks, Of friends and kindred dear,

For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home, My spirit loudly sings;

The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him Who bled and died for me; Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me victory.

Rev. J. Haskell.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. WM. B. BRADBURY. 185



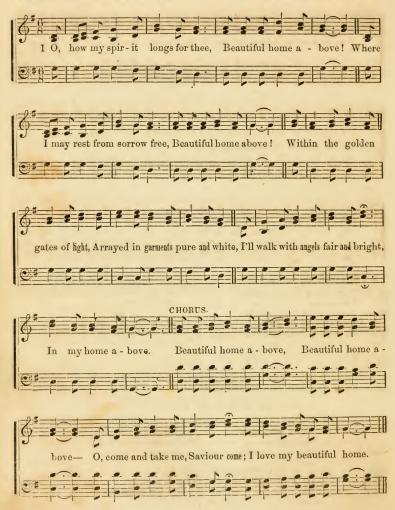
345

A light in the window.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free; The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother, All your journey o'er life's troubled sea, Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe, There's a light in the window for thee.

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother, Till from conflict and suffering free, Bright angels now beckon you over the stream, There's a light in the window for thee.



SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN? WM. B. BRADBURY. 187



Shall we sing with holy angels

In that happy land? Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, Saints and angels sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling river,

Meet to sing, and love for ever,

In that happy land.

Shall we rest from care and sorrow In that happy land? Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, They that meet shall rest for ever,

Far beyond the rolling river, Meet to sing, and love for ever,

In that happy land!

Remainder of Hymn 346, from opposite page.

Beautiful home above.

2 To reach thee safe I daily pray,

Beautiful home above! And travel in the toilsome way,

Beautiful home above! My weary feet are bruised and sore, But Jesus' feet were bruised before,

To bring me to the open door Of my home above.

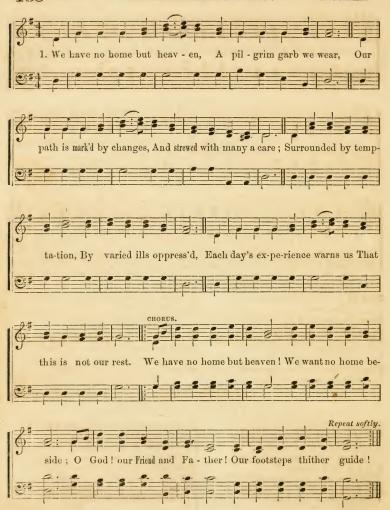
3 Thy shining walls by faith I see, Beautiful home above!

The mansions fair prepared for me, Beautiful home above!

O let me keep my longing eyes, Intently fixed upon the prize, Till angels bear me to the skies,

In my home above.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.





349 He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea-Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me, &c. He leadeth me, &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Since God through Jordan leadeth me, &c. Nor ever murmur nor repine-

Content. whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me, &c. He leadeth me, &c.

4 And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, He leadeth me, &c,

Remainder of Hymn 348, from opposite page.

The pilgrim's song.

2 We have no home but heaven! Then wherefore seek one here? Why murmur at privations, Or grieve when trouble's near?

It is but for a season,

That we as strangers roam, And strangers must not look for The comforts of a home.

3 We have no home but heaven! How cheering is the thought, How bright the expectations

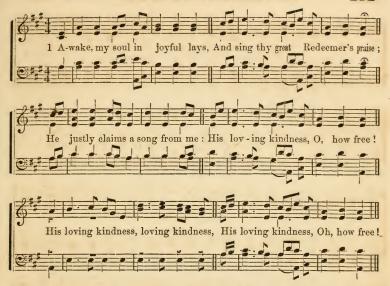
Which God's own word has taught. With eager hearts we hasten,

The promised bliss to share! We have no home but heaven!

Dear Saviour, bring us there!



2 The watchmen they are crying, attend the trumpet's sound, Take the gospel banner, and the powers of hell surround, Hearts and arms make ready, the battle is at hand; Go forth at Christ's command.



351 Christ's loving kindness.

2 He saw me ruined by the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate: His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along: His loving kindness, oh, how strong! 4 I often feel my sinful heart Prone from my Saviour to depart; But though I oft have him forgot, His loving kindness changes not.

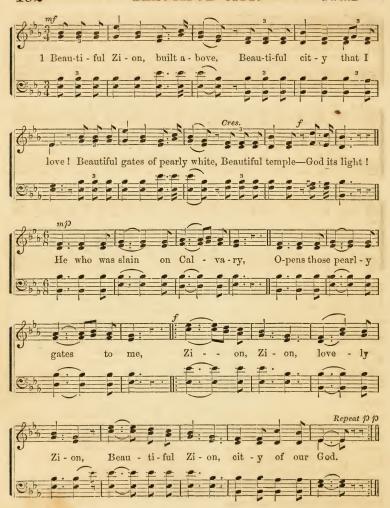
5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale; Soon all my mortal powers must fail; O, may my last, expiring breath His loving kindness sing in death. Medley.

Remainder of Hymn 350, from opposite page.

3 Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield, March on in order, 'till you win the glorious field, Faint not by the way, 'till you've gained that peaceful shore, Where war shall be no more.

4 Ne'er think the victory won, nor lay your armor down,
March on in duty 'till you gain the starry crown,
When the war is o'er and the battle you have won,
Jesus will say, "well done."

Unknown.





They beckon us away,

O'er ærial plains they're soaring, Blest in eternal day;

But we are in the army,

And dare not leave our post;

We'll fight until we conquer The foes most mighty host.

To yonder world of glory,

And sweetly bids us come. The world, the flesh, and Satan,

Will strive to hedge our way,

But we'll o'ercome these powers-If we hourly watch and pray.

Unknown.

352 God is light.

2 Beautiful heaven where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beautiful strains that never tire, Beautiful harps through all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

Beautiful all who enter there : Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet. 4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing; Beautiful rest-all wanderings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour see, Haste to this heavenly home with me. Unknown.



354 Watch and pray.

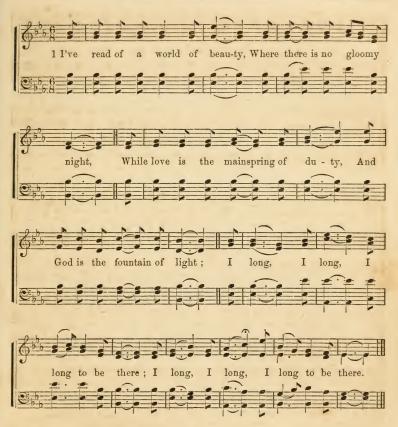
2 Pearly dews like tears are falling, Gently on the sleeping flowers; Stars like angel eyes are beaming From celestial bowers. Weary pilgrim, &c.

3 'Tis the hour where hallowed feelings Chase our doubts and fears away; 'Tis the hour for calm devotion, Pilgrim, watch and pray. Weary pilgrim, &c.

4 Though temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way,
He will hear thy lightest whisper,

Pilgrim, watch and pray. Weary pilgrim, &c.

Fanny Crosby.



355 I long to be there.

2 I've read of its flowing river,
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And beautiful trees that ever.

Are found on its banks alone; I long, &c. 3 To rise to that world of light, And breathe its balmy air,

To walk with the Lamb in white, And sing with the angels there; I long, &c.

Unknown.



356 That beautiful land.

2 That beautiful land, the city of light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the light of day, Hath driven the darkness far away. Will you go, &c.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold, Its beautiful gates I, too, behold, The river of life, the crystal sea, The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go, &c.

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white In rapture range the plains of light; And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. Will you go, &c.

357 Love as brethren. TUNE-MANOAH, p. 140.

And so fulfill his word!

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, And he's an heir of heaven who finds When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight,

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flow, And union sweet, and dear esteem In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds The happy souls above;

His bosom glow with love. Smain.



358 Hope of heaven.

2 I view the monster death, and smile, Now he has lost his sting,

Though Satan rages all the while, I still in triumph sing:

I hold my Saviour in my arms, And will not let him go:

I'm so delighted with his charms, No other good I'll know. 3 A few more days, or years at most, My troubles will be o'er,

I hope to join the heavenly host On Canaan's happy shore.

My rapturous soul shall drink and feast In love's unbounded sea:

This glorious hope of endless rest.

Is now transporting me.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

From Mus. Leaves, No. 4. W. H. DOANE,



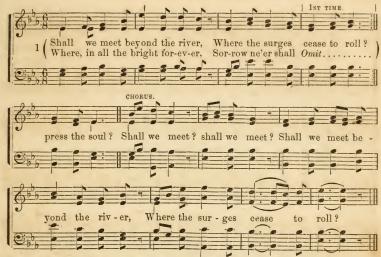
359 The ark of God.

2 Our compass is the "Word of God," Our anchor steadfast hope;

The love of God fills ev'ry sail, And Faith's our anchor rope. How many have you now on board That noble ship divine?

Ten thousand thousand happy souls, And room for all mankind.

Then hoist the sails, etc.



360 Shall we meet beyond the river.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the anchor, By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine, Where the walls are all of jasper, Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed Rolls its harmony around,

And creation swells the chorus, With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

Remainder of Hymn 359, from opposite page.

3 But are you not afraid some storm Your bark will overwhelm?

We need not fear, for Christ is near, Our Father's at the helm.

We've looked astern, and many a storm, The Lord has brought us through;

We're looking now ahead, and lo! The land appears in view.

Then hoist the sails, etc.

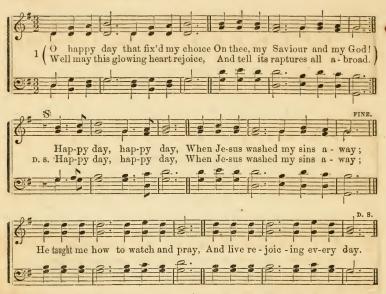
4 O come on board, there's room for all!
Whoever will may come;

Obey the Saviour's tender call. He'll guide us safely home.

And when we all are landed safe On that celestial shore, Redeeming love shall be our song,

To sing for evermore.

Then hoist the sails, etc.



361 Vows remembered and renewed.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love; Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I follow'd on,

Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart: With him of every good possess'd.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solem vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear,

Till in life's latest hour I bow,

And bless in death a bond so dear.

Doddridge.

362 Abide with us; for it is toward evening.

TUNE-TALMAR. p. 162,

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows, Paler now the glowing west, Swift the night of death advances; Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying, Lord, I cast myself on thee;

Tarry with me through the darkness; While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour! Lay my head upon thy breast;

Till the morning; then awake me— Morning of eternal rest!

CHRIST ON THE MOUNT. PHILIP PHILIPS. 201. From Music Leaves No. 2.



363 Come to Jesus.

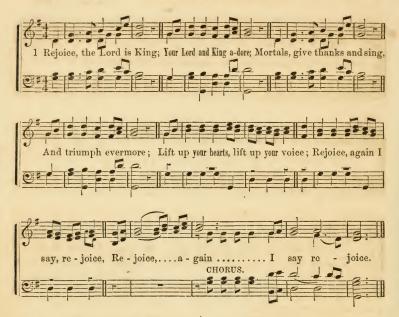
- 2 Ye poor in spirit, unto you How great the blessings given; His choicest promises are yours,
- "Yours is the kingdom—Heaven."
- 3 The meek, and they for Jesus' sake, Who persecutions bear;

He promises a heavenly home, A crown of glory there.

4 Be merciful, for unto such He spares his chastening rod; Be pure in heart, our Saviour says,

The pure shall dwell with God.

D. E. G. Sumner.



364 Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fai.,—
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;

4 He sits at God's right hand Till all his foes submit.

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

And bow to his command, And fall beneath his feet; Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell, And all our sins destroy; Let every bosom swell

With pure seraphic joy; Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope, Jesus the Judge shall come, And take his servants up

To their eternal home;

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice!

C. Wesley.



365 No parting in heaven.

2 We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard,
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs
There will be no parting there.

3 We are going, we are going, When the day of life is o'er;
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair,
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.
Fanny Crosby.

366 The heavenly shore.

TUNE-NO SORROW THERE, p. 130.

1 And may I still get there?
Still reach the heavenly shore?
The land forever bright and fair,
Where sorrow reigns no more?
Chorus. There'll be no parting, &c.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and happy fly
On angel's wings to heaven.

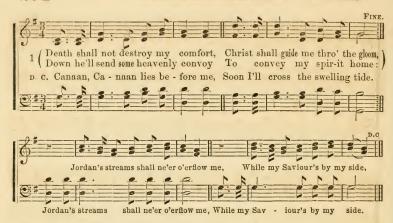
3 Hail, love divine and pure, Hail, mercy from the skies! My hopes are bright, and now secure,

My hopes are bright, and now secure Upborne by faith I rise.

Upborne by faith I rise.

4 I part with earth and sin, And shout the danger's past; My Saviour takes me fully in, And I am his at last.

Rev. W. Hunter.



367 Visions of heaven.

2 See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme;
See! they whisper; hark! they call me,

Sister spirit come away!

Lo! I come! earth can't contain me:

Hail, ye realms of endless day!

3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory, Far above you azure sky,

Though by faith I now explore thee;
I'll enjoy you soon on high:

Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.

4 Smiling angels now surround me, Troops resplendent fill the skies, Glory shining all around me, While my towering spirit flies; Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor, Now, methinks, appears in view;

Brethren, could you see my Jesus, You would serve and love him too.

368 Blessed Jesus.

1 Hail, my ever blessed Jesus! Only thee I wish to sing;

To my soul thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

O, what nercy flows from heaven!
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin, Unconcerned in sin I lay; Swift destruction still pursuing, Till my Saviour passed that way.

Witness, all ye host of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir, Praise the Lamb enthroned above,

Whilst, astonished, I admire

God's free grace and boundless love. That blest moment I received him, Filled my soul with joy and peace; Love I much, I've much forgiven—

I'm a miracle of grace!





bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Halle-lu - jah? Praise ye the Lord.



369 A pilgrim.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me, Traveling through this lonely void; But no ill shall e'er befall me, While I'm blessed with such a Guide.

While I'm blessed with such a Guide. O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee, Hence for thee my fears arise;

If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes unseen; but still, believe me, Such a Guide my steps attend; He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end;
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boist rous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 No! that stream hath nothing frightful, To its brink my steps I'll bend; Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful; There my pilgrimage will end. For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.



370 The heavenly Jerusalem.

2 Our mourning is all at an end, When, raised by the life-giving Word, Her walls are of jasper and gold; We see the new city descend,

Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:

The city so holy and clean, No sorrow can breathe in the air: No gloom of affliction or sin; No shadow of evil is there.

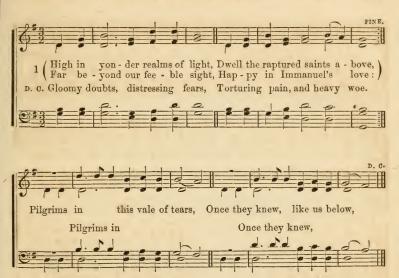
She stands as she ever hath stood, And brightly her Builder displays, And flames with the glory of God. C. Wesley.

Immovably founded in grace,

3 By faith we already behold

That lovely Jerusalem here:

As crystal her buildings are clear;



371 The songs and bliss of heaven.

2 Mid the chorus of the skies, Mid th' angelic lyres above, Hark! their songs melodious rise, Songs of praise to Jesus' love: Happy spirits! ye are fled, Where no grief can entrance find,-Lull'd to rest the aching head, Soothed, the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,-Calm and undisturb'd repose; There no cloud can intervene, There no angry tempest blows: Every tear is wiped away; Sighs no more shall heave the breast;

Night is lost in endless day, Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Montgomery.

372 Christ's universal reign.

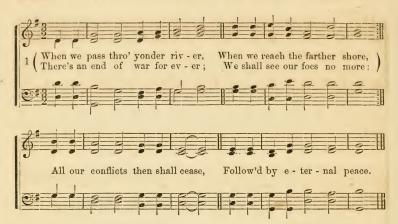
1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Messiah's sway. Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel call obey. Mightiest kings his power shall own; Heathen tribes his name adore; Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease; Then be banished grief and pain;

Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Undisturbed, shall ever reign. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord; Ever praise his glorious name;

All his mighty acts record,-

All his wondrous love proclaim.



373 Termination of the Christian warfare.

- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
 O how sweet the prospect is!
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this;
 Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.
- 3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
 When we touch the heavenly shore—
 Blessed thought—no hostile legions
 Can alarm or trouble more:
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 4 O that hope; how bright, how glorious!
 Tis his people's blest reward;
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord:
 In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

374 Thou knowest that I love thee.

1 I will love thee, all my treasure; I will love thee, all my strength; I will love thee without measure,

And without a stain at length: I will love thee, Light Divine, Till I die and find thee mine!

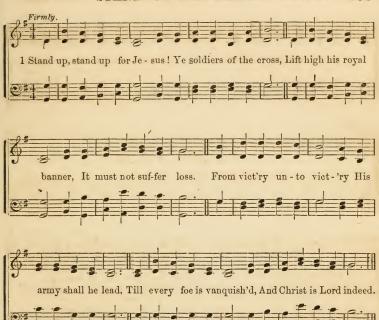
2 I will praise thee, Sun of Glory!
For the bliss thy beams have brought:
I will praise thee, will adore thee,

For the light I long had sought;—Praise thee that thy words so blest Soothed my troubled soul to rest!

3 Be my heart more warmly glowing, Sweet and calm the tears I shed; And its love, its ardor, showing,

Let my spirit onward tread:
Near to thee, and nearer still,
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

4 I will love in joy or sorrow!
While I in this body dwell;
I will love to-day, to-morrow,
With a love no words can tell:
I will love thee, Light Divine,
Till I die, and find thee mine!



375 Stand, therefore, having your loins

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict, In this his glorious day:

"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;

Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you—

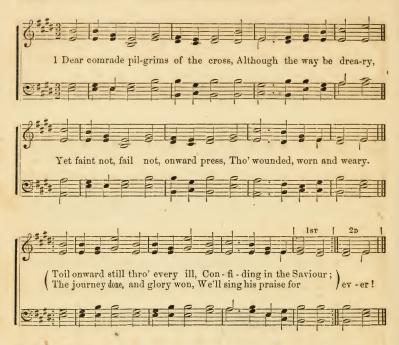
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glory Shall reign eternally!

Duffield.



376 Toil onward still.

1 Dear comrade pilgrims of the cross, Although the way be dreary,

Yet faint not, fail not, onward press, Though wounded, worn and weary.

Toil onward still through every ill, Confiding in the Saviour;

The journey done, and glory won, We'll sing his praise for ever!

2 Though sore beset, not overcome, Cast down, but not despairing,

We're traveling toward a heavenly home,
Our master's standard bearing.
Toil onward still, &c.

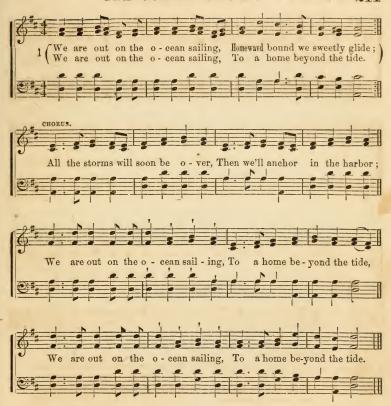
3 We'll one another's burdens bear, The toilsome journey cheering;

Our joys and all our sorrows share, Each day our home we're nearing. Toil onward still, &c.

4 Our Lord is God; his promise sure, His help shall fail us never; And they who to the end endure

Shall reign with him forever!

Toil onward still, &c.



377 A home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed, Over on the golden shore;

Millions more are on the journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms, &c.

3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes Gently waft our vessel on;

All on board are sweetly singing— Free salvation is the song. All the storms, &c.

4 When we all are safely anchored, We will shout—our trials o'er; We will walk about the city, And we'll sing for evermore.

All the storms, &c.





2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease, Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam, I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with thee: Though now my temptations like billows may foam, All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay, Oh, give me submission and strength as my day; In all my afflictions, to thee would I come, Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace! Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face: Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne, And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine, No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine. But in thy bright image, to rise from the tomb, With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

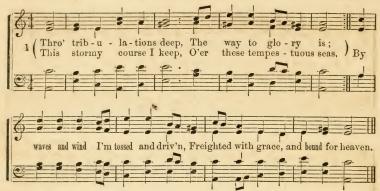


379 Heir of heaven.

2 Is thy burdened spirit
Agonized for sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean;
Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain,
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still in Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armor on;
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown,





380 The voyage of life.

2 Sometimes temptations blow A dreadful hurricane;

And high the waters flow,

And o'er the sides break in. But still my little ship outbraves The blustering winds and surging waves.

3 The bible is my chart, By it the seas I know; I can not with it part,

It is a chart and compass too, Whose needle points forever true. 4 When through the voyage I get,

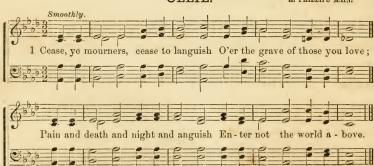
Though rough, it is but short; The pilot angels meet,

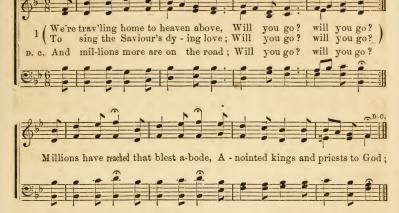
It rocks and sands doth show.

To bring me into port; And when I land on that blest shore. I shall be safe forever more.

OLLIE.

H. PHILLIPS MAIN.





Will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of light; Will you go?

Will you go?

The crown of life we then shall wear, The conqueror's palm we then shall bear, And all the joys of heaven we'll share; Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain; Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again;

Will you go? The Saviour cries aloud to thee, "Take up your cross and follow me, And thou shalt my salvation see." Will you go?

4 O, could I hear some sinner say, "I will go;"

O, could I hear him humbly pray, "Make me go;"

And all his old companions tell, " I will not go with you to hell, I long with Jesus Christ to dwell; Let me go."

382 And there shall be no more death.

Far, far from curse and death and night; 1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish, O'er the grave of those you love; Pain and death and night and anguish Enter not the world above.

> 2 While our silent steps are straying Lonely through night's deepening shade, Glory's brightest beams are playing Round the happy Christian's head.

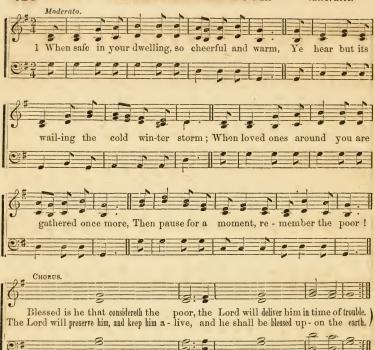
3 Light and peace at once deriving From the hand of God most high, In his glorious presence living, They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Far removed from pain and anguish, They are chanting hymns above. Collyer.



REMEMBER THE POOR.

GEO. F. ROOT.



383

Remember the poor.

2 When labor rewarded, a comfort bestows,
That brings to your bosom a tranquil repose,
'T is God who increases your basket and store,
'T is Jesus who bids you, remember the poor!

3 His words, kindly spoken, should never be forgot;
The poor ye have always, but me ye have not;
Privation and sorrow how meekly he bore!
Are ye his disciples, remember the poor!

4 Go, succor the lowly, who 're burthened with woe;
Take heed that in secret your alms ye bestow;
Be kind to the wayward, the erring restore,
And God will reward you, remember the poor!



384

And they went and told Jesus.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes: His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave, That mercy, peace and pardon you might have.

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears, Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears; He'll take thee in his arm, and on his breast Thou may'st be happy, and forever rest.



385 No sin there.

2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story—
All the curse has passed away.
Nevermore, nevermore,
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Nevermore, nevermore,
Nevermore to sin again.

3 There the lamb, our shepherd, leads us By the streams of life along,

On the freshest pastures feed us, Turns our sighing into song.

Nevermore, &c.

4 Soon we pass this dreary desert,
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Nevermore to sin again.
Nevermore, &c.

Bonar,



2 But now I am a soldier, My captain's voice I hear; He gives me all my orders, And tells me not to fear : And if I hold out faithful, A crown of life he'll give; And all his valiant soldiers Eternally shall live. 3 Through grace I am determined To conquer, though I die;

Deliverance.

386

And then away to Jesus On wings of love I'll fly :- I'll fly from sin and sorrow, And bid them both adieu; And you, my friends, prove faithful, And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles And trials on the way, Then cast your care on Jesus,

And don't forget to pray. Gird on the heavenly armor Of faith, and hope, and love;

And when the war is ended, You'll reign with him above.



Sweet land of rest. 387

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome;

This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home; This world is not my home, This world is not my home;

This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.

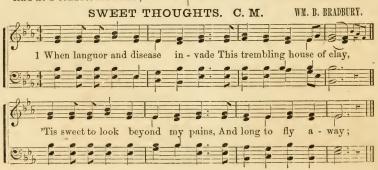
3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam; But fly for succor to his breast, And he'd conduct me home:

And he'd conduct me home, And he'd conduct me home ; But fly for succor to his breast, And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

I long to leave th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home; And dwell with Christ at home, And dwell with Christ at home;

I long to leave th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.





388 I love thee.

2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!

My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount!

I stand on the mount: I gaze on my treasure, And long to be there,

With Jesus and angels,
My kindred so dear.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour, With thee I am blest!

My life and salvation,
My joy and my rest!

Thy name be my theme,
And thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire

Both my heart and my tongue.

4 O, who's like my Saviour?
He's Salem's bright king;
He smiles, and he loves me,
He helps me to sing;

I'll praise him, I'll praise him, With notes loud and shrill, While rivers of pleasure My spirit doth fill.

389 Sweet thoughts.

1 When languor and disease invade This trembling house of clay,

'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains, And long to fly away;—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend The whispers of his love;

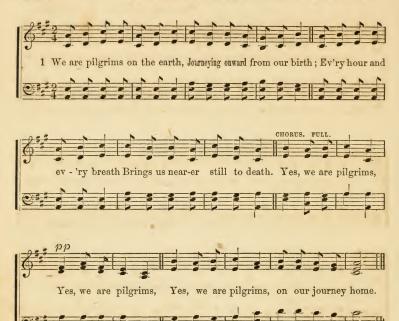
Sweet to look upward, to the place Where Jesus pleads above;—

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down;

Sweet to look forward, and behold Eternal joys my own;—

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine My sins on Jesus laid;

Sweet to remember that his blood My debt of suffering paid.



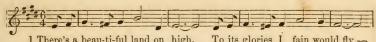
390 We are pilgrims.

- 1 We are pilgrims on the earth, Journeying onward from our birth; Every hour and every breath Brings us nearer still to death.
- 2 But beyond this vale of tears, Lies the land that knows no fears. Where our steps no more may roam, Pilgrims, we are going home!
- 3 Home to long-lost friends and dear, Who are missed and mourned for here;

Home to endless peace and love, In our Father's house above.

- 4 Let not trifles by the way, Tempt our hearts or steps to stray From that narrow path and strait, Leading to the golden gate.
- 5 No, our faith hath One in view Who was once a pilgrim too; From his track we will not roam, For to Christ we're going home.

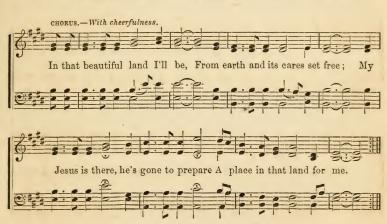
From "Devotional Melodies." W. U. BUTCHER.



1 There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly,-



When by sorrows press'd down, I long for my crown, In that beautiful land on high.



Beautiful land on high. 391

- 2 There's a beautiful land on high, I shall enter it by and by;
- There, with friends, han I in hand, I shall walk on the strand, 5 In that beautiful land on high.
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high, Then why should I fear to die, When death is the way to the realms of day, 6 There's a beautiful land on high, In that beautiful land on high?
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high, And my kindred its bliss enjoy;

- Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me, In that beautiful land on high.
- There's a beautiful land on high, And though here I oft weep and sigh, My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed. In that beautiful land on high.
- Where we never shall say, "good-bye!" When over the river we're happy forever, In that beautiful land on high. J. Nicholson.



392

We're going home.

2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers, When we're going, going, going home:
Soon shall we tread the fair heavenly bowers,
For we're going, going, going home;
There, fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
And never strewing the path to the tomb;
For we're going, going, going home.

3 Hark! 'tis the storm crashing loud through the pines, We are going, going, going home; See the faint glimmering light that now shines! We are going, going, going home.

Little we heed the wild roar of the wind,
Onward we still look, and never behind:
This thought alone gives sweet peace to our mind,
We are going, going, going home.



393 The shining way.

2 When storms arise, and darkness clouds

The faithful pilgrim's way, The angels glide On either side,

To drive the clouds away.

And brighter gleams the morning light

Behind the gentle rod; For Christ's redeemed more clearly see The shining way of God.

3 And soon they walk the golden streets,-Not slighted and alone, On either side

The angels glide,

To lead them to the throne.

And there they wear a starry crown, While mortals tire and plod;

For Christ's redeemed are kings who praise The shining way of God.

John P. Ellis.

Remainder of Hymn 392, from opposite page.

4 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice, We are going, going, going home; Bidding our spirits forever rejoice,

We are going, going, going home; Home to our mansion prepared in the sky, Where we can never more suffer or die.

O! let our anthem of praise ring on high! We are going, going, going home.

15



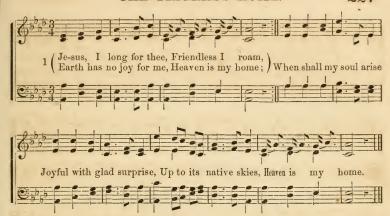
394 Evergreen shore..

2 We have nothing to fear From the wind and the wave, Under our Saviour's command, And our hearts in the midst Of the dangers are brave, For Jesus will bring us to land. Then let the hurricane, &c.

3 Both the winds and the waves One commander controls, Nothing can baffle his skill, And his voice, when The thundering hurricane rolls, Can make the loud tempest be still, Then let the hurricane, &c.

4 Let the vessel be wrecked
On the rock or the shoal,
Sink to be seen nevermore;
He will bear, none the less,
Every passenger's soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.

Then let the hurricane, &c.



395 The pilgrim's home.

2 Grant me a light divine, While here I roam, O'er my dark path to shine, Heaven is my home;

O, my sad heart be still, Patient in every ill,

Thine be a father's will,

Heaven is my home. 3 There shall I see his face,

No more to roam, Clasped in his dear embrace, Heaven is my home;

Soon shall my spirit rise, Joyful with glad surprise, Up to its native skies, Heaven is my home.

Fanny Crosby.

396 The release.

1 When shall I see the day That ends my woes; When shall I victory gain O'er all my foes; When will the trumpet sound, That calls the exile home,

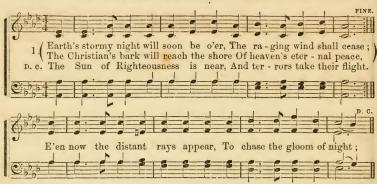
The grand sabbatic year, When will it come?

2 A crown of glory bright By faith I see, In yonder realms of light Prepared for me. O, may I faithful prove, And keep the prize in view; And through the storms of life My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide, My steps attend; O keep me near thy side, Be thou my Friend; Be thou my shield and sun, My Saviour and my guard; And when my work is done, My great reward.

4 O, how I long to see That happy day, When sorrow, sin, and pain, Shall flee away; When all the heavenly tribes Shall find their long sought home; The jubilee of heaven, When will it come?





397 Earth's shadowy years.

2 The precious jewels Jesus sent To be our solace here,

Were only for a season lent, They're shining brighter there.

And we shall soon their lovely forms
In glorious robes behold;

Shall sing with them in angel's songs, With harps of shining gold.

3 Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er-Heaven's blissful morn arise,

And sorrow's night will then no more O'ercloud our weeping eyes. Then will the Lord of life and love Unveil his beaming face;

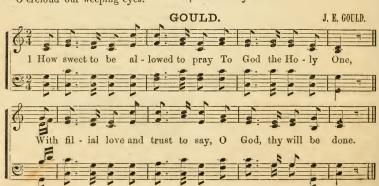
And never from our sight remove The bright celestial rays.

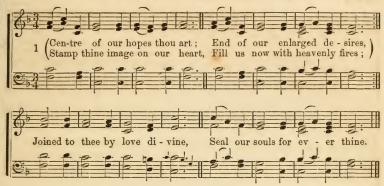
4 In that blest place no loved ones part;

No mourning there, no sighs; For God himself will gently wipe All sorrow from their eyes.

There everlasting peace and joy, And transport shall be thine;

Praise shall our utmost powers employ, In melody divine.





399 Hand in hand to heaven.

1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art; End of our enlarged desires, Stamp thine image on our heart, Fill us now with heavenly fires; Joined to thee by love divine, Seal our souls for ever thine.

2 All our works in thee be wrought-Leveled at one common aim; Every word and every thought

Purge in the refining flame; Lead us through the paths of peace,

On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us altogether rise, To thy glorious life restored; Here regain our paradise,

Here prepare to meet our Lord; Here enjoy the earnest given; Travel hand in hand to heaven.

400 He hath borne our griefs.

1 Weeping soul, no longer mourn, Jesus all thy griefs hath borne; View him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out his life for thee; There thy every sin he bore, Weeping soul lament no more. 2 All thy crimes, on him were laid; See upon his blameless head Wrath its utmost vengeance pours, Due to my offense and yours; Weary sinner, keep thine eyes On the atoning sacrifice. 3 Cast thy guilty soul on him, Find him mighty to redeem; At his feet thy burden lay, Look thy doubts and fears away; Now by faith the Son embrace,

Remainder of Hymn 398, from opposite page.

398 Thy will be done.

2 We in these sacred words can find A cure for every ill;

They calm and soothe the troubled mind, 4 Oh! teach my heart the blessed way And bid all care be still.

3 Oh! let that will, which gave me breath Teach me, O Lord, in truth to pray, And an immortal soul,

In joy or grief, in life or death, My every wish control.

Plead his promise, trust his grace.

To imitate thy Son!

"Thy will, not mine, be done."

"And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9.



401 White robes.

2 These through fiery trials trod, These from great afflictions came; Now before the throne of God, Sealed with his almighty name.

They have clean robes, &c.

3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,

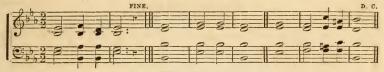
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
They have clean robes, &c.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

They have clean robes, &c.

No. 1.

THY WILL BE DONE.



Thy will be done.

- 1 "Thy will be | done!"|| In devious way
 The hurrying stream of | life may | run;||
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
 "Thy will be | done."
- 2 "Thy will be | done!"|| if o'er us shine A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun,|| This prayer will make it more divine; | "Thy will be | done."
- 3 "Thy will be | done!" || though shrouded o'er Our path with | gloom, one comfort, | one Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, | "Thy will be | done."

No. 2.

SINGLE. (Peculiar.)



PSALM XXIII.

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd;
- I | shall not | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still | wa- | ters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me In the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup..runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord, for- | ever. | A- | men.

No. 3.

SINGLE CHANT.



PSALM 67.

- 1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || and cause his | face to | shine upon | us.
- 2 That thy way may be | known up-on | earth, || thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | thee, O God; || let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 4 Oh let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy ;|| for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise | thee, O God ; | let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ; || and God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
- 7 God | shall- | bless us ; | and all the ends of the | earth shall | fear- | him.
- 8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, | | world | without | end. A- | men.

The Lord's prayer.

- 1 Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name :
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
- 3 Give us this day our | daily | bread ;
- 4 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 5 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
- 6 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever and ever. | Amen.

No. 4.

COME TO ME.

From Shawm.



Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.

- 1 With tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
 How sweet the | bidding | "Come to | me."
- 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."
- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die, Earth is no resting | place for | thee; Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy | portion, | "Come to | me."
- 5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently | whisper, | "Come to | me."

No. 5.

HEAR, GRACIOUS GOD.

From Shawm.



1 Hear, gracious God! my humble moan,
To thee I | breathe my | sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
||: And when my | joys a- | rise?:||

2 My God! Oh, could I make the claim,- Here I would rest till light returns ;-My Father, | and my | Friend,-

And call thee mine, by every name, ||: On which thy | saints de- | pend ;-:||

3 By every name of power and love, I would thy | grace en- | treat;

Nor should my humble hopes remove; ||: Nor leave thy | mercy- | seat : ||

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns, And change these deep, complaining sighs Thy word is | all my | stay ;

||: Thy presence | makes my | day .: ||

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace

Relieve my | aching | heart ; O smile, and bid my sorrows cease, ||: And all the | gloom de- | part.:||

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise, And bless the | healing | rays,

: To songs of | sacred | praise.:

No. 6. WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME.



Desires for God's presence.

1 Wilt thou not visit me? The plant beside me feels thy | gentle | dew; Each blade of grass I see, From thy deep earth its quickening | moisture | drew. Wilt thou not visit me?

2 Wilt thou not visit me? Thy morning calls on me with | cheering | tone; And every hill and tree Lend but one voice, the voice of | thee a- | lone. Wilt thou not visit me?

3 Wilt thou not visit me? I need thy love, More than the flower, the dew, or | grass, the | rain; Come, like thy holy dove, And let me in thy sight rejoice to | live a- | gain. Wilt thou not visit me?

4 Yes! thou wilt visit me: Nor plant, nor tree, thine eye de- | lights so | well, As when from sin set free, Man's spirit comes with thine in | peace to | dwell Yes, thou wilt visit me.

No. 7.

BEHOLD THE LAMB.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

If the Tenor sing the highest notes in the last strain, let the Alto also sing theirs, (A and F.)





- 1 Behold the Lamb! behold the Lamb! || O thou for sinners | slain: ||
 Let it not be in vain that | thou hast | died: ||
 Thee for my Saviour let me take, ||
 - Thee, thee alone my refuge make, | thy pierced | side. ||
- 2 Behold the Lamb! behold the Lamb! || Archangels—fold your | wings—||
 Seraphs—hush all your strings of | million | lyres: ||
 The victim, veiled on earth, in love—||
 Unveiled—enthronod—adored above—| all heaven ad-| mires! ||
- 3 Behold the Lamb! behold the Lamb! || drop down, ye glorious | skies—||
 He dies—he dies—he dies for | man once | lost! ||
 Yet lo! he lives—he lives—he lives—||
 And to his church himself he gives—in- | car-nate | host! ||
- 4 Behold the Lamb! behold the Lamb! || all hail—eternal | world! ||
 Thou universal Lord—purge | out our | leaven: ||
 Clothe us with godliness and good, ||
 Feed us with thy celestial food—| man-na from | heaven! ||
- 5 Behold the Lamb! behold the Lamb! || saints, wrapt in blissful | rest—|| Souls—waiting to be blest—Oh! | Lord how long! || Thou church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears, ||
 - Still in this vale of woe and tears, | swell the full | song. |
- 6 Behold the Lamb! behold the Lamb! || worthy is he a- | lone, ||
 To sit upon the throne of |*God a- | bove! ||
 One with the ancient of all days—||
 One with the paraelete in praise—| all night—all | love! ||

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APPENDIX.

(A WORD.)

"Exhorting one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs."

The Compilers of the "HALLOWED SONGS," offer no apology for the following selections of "SPIRITUAL SONGS," and Choruses.

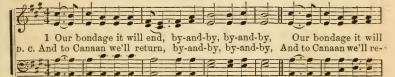
We live among the people, and do not mistake the power of this species of Sacred Song.

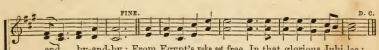
These and their kind have done much good—their record is in the Church—and they will do much more while there are hearts to feel and souls to be stirred.

No. 1.

BY-AND-BY.

From "Devotional Melodies."





end, by-and-by; From Egypt's yoke set free, In that glorious Jubi-lee; turn, by-and-by.

2 Our deliverer he will come, by-and-by, by-and-by,
Our deliverer he will come, by-and-by,
And our sorrows have an end, with our three-score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by-and-by, by-and-by,

3 And when to Jordan's flood we are come, we are come,
And when to Jordan's flood we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide, and the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed hosts shall shout, we are come, we are come,
And the ransomed hosts shall shout, we are come.

And vast glory crown the day, by-and-by.

4 There we shall meet again those we loved, those we loved, There we shall meet again those we loved, Our embraces shall be sweet, at the dear Redeemer's feet, When we meet to part no more, those we loved, those we loved, When we meet to part no more, those we loved.

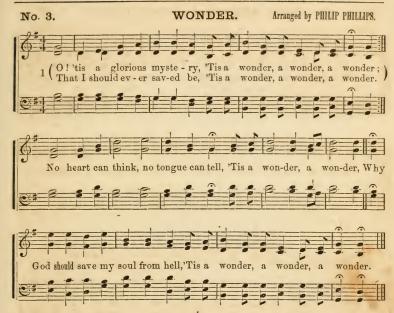
No. 2. OH! COME, AND GO ALONG WITH ME. L. M.

Melody by Rev. N. HESTON. From "Devotional Melodies." Arr. by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. the gos-pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be Jesus' guest: need not one be left behind, For God hath bid-den all mankind. Oh! come, and go a - long with me, A-long with me, a - long with me! Oh!

Sinners invited.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The invitation is to all:—
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thu!
All things in Christ are ready now.
Oh! come, and go along, &c.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd, Ye restless wand'rers after rest; Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hearty welcome find. Oh! come, and go along, &c.



Great mystery.

2 Great mystery that Christ should place, 'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder; His love on any of Adam's race,

'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

But there's a greater mystery, 'T is a wonder, a wonder,

That he bestowed his love on me, 'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

3 Great mystery I do behold,

'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder; That God should ever save a soul,

'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

But here's a greater mystery,

'T is a wonder, a wonder;

That he bestowed his love on me. 'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder. 4 Why was I not still left behind.

'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder; With thousand others of mankind,

'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder. To run the dangerous, sinful race,

'T is a wonder, a wonder;

And die and never taste his grace? 'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

5 No mortal can a reason find.

'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;

'T is mercy free, and grace divine, 'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

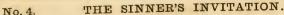
O! 't is a glorious mystery,

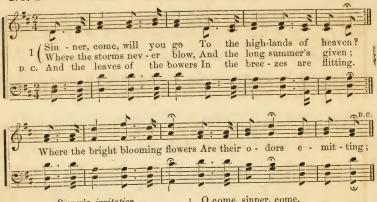
'T is a wonder, a wonder;

And will be to eternity,

'T is a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

Rev. Hollyday.





Sinner's invitation.

2 Where the saints robed in white-Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;

Shining beauteous and bright,

They inhabit the mountain. Where no sin, nor dismay,

Neither trouble nor sorrow,

Will be felt for a day,

Nor be feared for the morrow. 3 He's prepared thee a home-

Sinner, canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come, Sinner, wilt thou receive it?

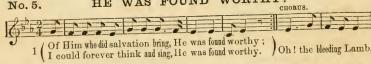
O come, sinner, come, For the tide is receding, And the Saviour will soon, And forever, cease pleading.

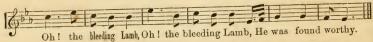
4 Where the rivers of joy O'er the bright plains are flowing; There our bliss ne'er shall cloy! To that land we are going.

Then say, will you go, And the world leave behind you? Since its pleasures you know

Have but dazzled to blind you.

HE WAS FOUND WORTHY!





Sinner penitent.

2 Arise, ye needy,-he'll relieve,-He was found worthy;

Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive,— He was found worthy. Oh! the bleeding Lamb, &c.

No. 6. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



Angels hovering round.

2 To carry the tidings home, To carry the tidings home, To carry the tidings, the tidings home.

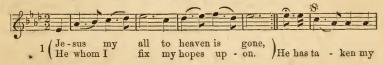
3 To the new Jerusalem, To the new Jerusalem, To the new, the new Jerusalem. 4 Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

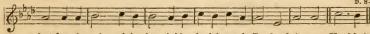
5 And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

6 There's glory all around, There's glory all around, There's glory, glory all around.

No. 7.

ROCK OF AGES.





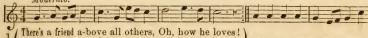
feet from the mire and the clay, And has placed them on the Rock of A - ges. Yes! he's



From "Devotional Melodies."



OH! HOW HE LOVES!



There's a friend a-bove all others, Oh, how he loves! His is love beyond a brother's, Oh, how he loves! Earthly friends may fail and leave us,

This day kind, to-morrow grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, Oh, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him? Oh, how he loves!

Give thyself e'en this day to him, Oh, how he loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee? Unbelief and trials tease thee? Jesus can from all release thee,

Oh, how he loves!

Oh, how he loves!

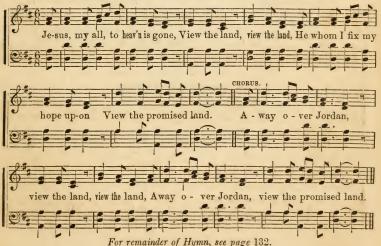
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee, Oh, how he loves!

Think no more then of to-morrow, Take his easy yoke and follow, Jesus carries all thy sorrow, Oh, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven. Oh, how he loves! Backward all thy foes be driven, Oh, how he loves! 3 Love this friend who longs to save thee, Best of blessings, he'll provide thee,

Naught but good shall e'er betide thee. Safe to glory he will guide thee ; Oh, how he loves!

VIEW THE PROMISED LAND. L.M. No. 11.

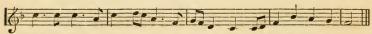


No. 12.

LORD REVIVE US.







me, Good Lord, revive us, O, re-vive us, All our help must come from thee

Prayer for revival.

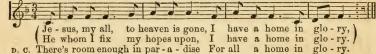
- Saviour, visit thy plantation, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance, Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
 Lord, revive us, &c.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent, Make us prevalent in prayers; Let each one esteemed thy servant,
- Shun the world's bewitching snares.

 Lord, revive us, &c.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.
 Lord, revive us, &c. Newton.

FINE.

No. 13.

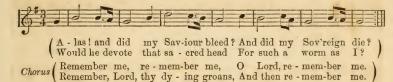
A HOME IN GLORY.





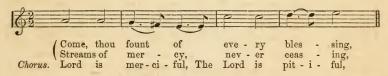
No. 14.

REMEMBER ME.



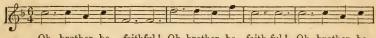
Sec Hymn 171, page 90.

THE LORD IS MERCIFUL. No. 15.

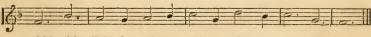




No. 16. OH, BROTHER, BE FAITHFUL!



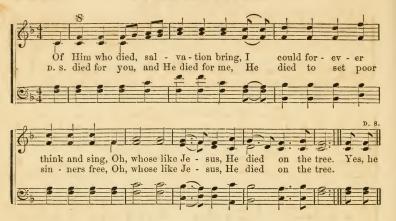
faithful! Oh, brother, be faith-ful! Oh, brother, be Oh, brother, be



faith - ful! Faith-ful, faithful, 'Till we all ar - rive home.

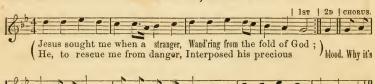
No. 17.

WHOSE LIKE JESUS.



No. 18.

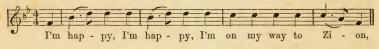
ALL GLORY, GLORY.

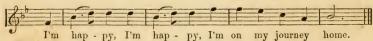


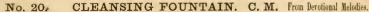
all glory, glo-ry, Glory, hallelujah, We're going where pleasures never die.

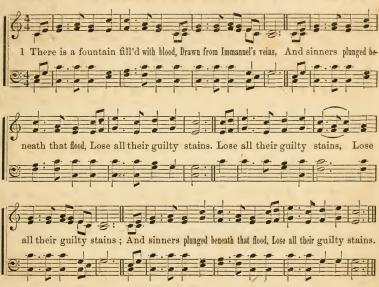
No. 19.

I'M HAPPY.









2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he,

And there may I, though vile as he Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy power to save,

When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue, Lies silent in the grave.

No. 21. The world has lost its charms.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue; It has no charms for me:

Once I admired its trifles too, But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please, Nor happiness afford:

Far from my heart be joys like these, Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day The stars are all concealed,

So earthly pleasures fade away, When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:

His name, his love, his gracious voice, Have fixed my roving heart.



2 A rest where all our soul's desire Is fixed on things above;

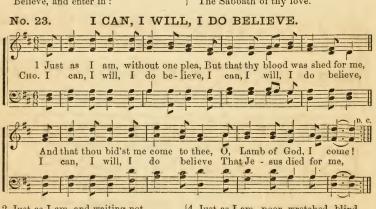
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire, Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know, Believe, and enter in:

Now, Saviour, now the power bestow, And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart, This unbelief remove:

To me the rest of faith impart,-The Sabbath of thy love.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O, Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt, With fears within, and wars without,

O, Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

O, Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,

O, Lamb of God, I come!

No. 24. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

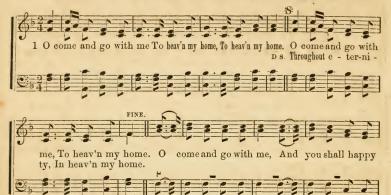


- 2 We are traveling home to God, In the way our fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad; Christ our advocate is made: Us to save our flesh assumes,— Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of our land; Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go, Gladly leaving all below: Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.



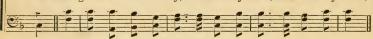
HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.





be Throughout e - ter - ni - ty, In heav'n my home, In heav'n my home,



- 2 Though poverty be my lot, Heaven's my home, &c., And the fig-tree blossom not, With Jesus' blood I am bought— And heaven's my home.
- 3 Though the bleating herd should die, Heaven's my home, &c., And the earth in ruin lie, My home is in the sky— For heaven's my home, &c.
- 4 My suffering time will end, In heaven my home, &c., For the Saviour is my friend;

He will his angels send, To call me home.

- 5 Come, trembling mourner, come, To heaven, &c., To the new Jerusalem, The spirit bids you come— And heaven's my home.
- 6 O that every one could say, Heaven's my home, &c., Should I die this very day I'd rise and soar away To heaven my home.



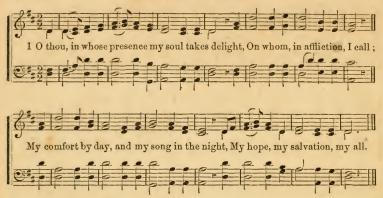
Parting hymn.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for awhile, We may all meet again, if kind Providence smile; But when we are parted and scattered abroad, We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged, The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged: With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar, We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed for war, Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near; Although you must travel the dark wilderness, Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.
- 5 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad, broken heart, Go, hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part: He's full of compassion, and mighty to save, His arms are extended your souls to receive.
- 6 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell, all around,
 We may ne'er meet again till the last trump shall sound:
 To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
 Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

No. 27.

BELOVED. 11s & 8s.



2 Where dost thou at mountide resert with thy sheep, 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen To feed in the pasture of love? The star that on Israel shone?

For why in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in the wilderness rove?

Say, if in your tents my beloved has been, And where with his flock he has gone?

Or cry in the desert for bread?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee, 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice, And myriads wait for his word;

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice, And smile at the tears I have shed.

Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

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